

THE
O B S E R V E R :

BEING A COLLECTION OF
MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR
E S S A Y S.

— MULTORUM PROVIDUS VRBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT — (HORAT.)

By *RICHARD CUMBERLAND*, Esq.

THE FIFTH EDITION, NEWLY ARRANGED.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ENTIRE TRANSLATION OF THE
COMEDY OF THE CLOUDS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. DILLY, in the Poultry.

1798.

46
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622



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CONSTITUTION

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PREAMBLE
We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do hereby adopt this Constitution.

ARTICLE I
SECTION 1
All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

THE
OBSERVER.

No. XXXI.

ALTHOUGH the subject of *Witchcraft* has been treated seriously as well as ludicrously in so full a manner, as to anticipate in some measure what can be now offered to the reader's curiosity, yet I am tempted to add something on this topic, which I shall endeavour to put together in such shape and method, as may perhaps throw fresh light upon a subject that ignorance and superstition have in all past ages of the world conspired to keep in darkness and obscurity.

The reader will recollect so much said of forcerers and dæmons both in the old and new parts of the sacred writings, that I need not now recapitulate the instances, but take

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them as they occur in course of my discussion.

Theologians, who have treated the subject seriously and logically, have defined magic to be *An art or faculty, which by evil compact with dæmons, performs certain things wonderful in appearance, and above the ordinary comprehension of mankind.*—According to this definition we are to look for the origin of this art to the author of all evil, the devil: Heathen writers have ascribed the invention of magic to Mercury: Some of the early Christians, who have wrote on the subject, speak of Zabulus as the first magician, but this is only another name for the devil, and is so used by St. Cyprian: Some give the invention to Barnabas a magician of Cyprus, but who this Barnabas was, and in what time he lived, they have not shewn; though they have taken pains to prove he was not St. Barnabas the coadjutor of the apostle Paul: Some of the Spanish writers maintain that magic was struck out in Arabia, and that a certain ancient volume of great antiquity was brought from thence by the Moors into Spain, full of spells and incantations, and by

by them and the Jews bequeathed to their posterity, who performed many wonderful things by its aid, till it was finally discovered and burned by the Inquisition.

These are some amongst many of the accounts, which pious men in times of superstition have offered to the world; the defenders of the art on the contrary derive its doctrines from the angel, who accompanied Tobit, and revealed them to him on the way, and they contend that these doctrines are preserved in certain books written by Honorius, Albertus Magnus, Cyprian, Paul, Enoch and others. Toftatus thinks that Jezebel, who enchanted Ahab with charms and filtres, was the first who practised sorcery; that from her time the Samaritans were so addicted to sorcery, that a Samaritan and a sorcerer became one and the same term; which opinion he is confirmed in by that passage in scripture, where the Pharisees accuse Christ of being *a Samaritan, and having a devil*; a charge, says he, implied in the very first position of his being a Samaritan: He admits jointly with St. Austin, that Pythonissa, or the Witch of Endor, actually raised the spirit of Samuel, not by

magic incantations, but by express permission of God, for the punishment of Saul's impiety, and to provoke him to immediate repentance by the denunciation of his impending fate; whilst other authorities in the church of early date maintain that it was not the spirit of Samuel, but a dæmon that appeared in his likeness: He admits also, that the rods of the Egyptian sorcerers were like that of Moses turned into serpents by the art and contrivance of the devil; in like manner the said magicians turned the rivers into blood, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt; but though they kept pace with Moses in producing these plagues, their power, he observes, did not reach, as his did, to the subsequent extirpation of them.

As to Simon the magician, whom Philip converted in Samaria, wonderful things are said of him by the fathers of the Christian church; this man, Justin Martyr informs us, was born in the city of Gitta in Samaria, travelled to Rome in the time of Claudius, and by the aid of the devil performed such astonishing feats, as caused him to be believed and worshipped as a god, the Romans

mans erecting a statue to him on the banks of the Tiber between the bridges, with this inscription, *Simoni Deo Sancto*. The sacred historians record no particulars of Simon's forceries ; but if the reader has curiosity to consult *lib. 2. recognition : & lib. 6. constit. Apost. in Clem. Rom.* he will find many strange stories of this forcerer, viz. that he created a man out of the air ; that he had the power of being invisible ; that he could render marble as penetrable as clay ; animate statues ; resist the force of fire ; present himself with two faces, like Janus ; metamorphose himself into a sheep or a goat ; fly through the air at pleasure ; create vast sums of gold in a moment and upon a wish ; take a scythe in his hand and mow a field of standing corn almost at a stroke, and bring the dead, unjustly murdered, into life : He adds, that as a famous courtesan named Selene was looking out of a certain castle, and a great croud had collected to gaze at her, he caused her first to appear, and afterwards to fall down from every window at one and the same time.

Anastasius Nicenus's account agrees in many particulars with the above, and adds, that Simon was frequently preceded by

spectres, which he said were the spirits of certain persons deceased. I shall make no further remark upon these accounts, except in the way of caution to readers of a certain description, to keep in mind that the scriptural history says only—*That Simon used sorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one.* The evidences of holy writ are simple and in general terms, but the accounts of the fathers of the church go much beyond them, and the superstition of the dark ages was so extravagant and unbounded, that there is no end to the tales invented, or inserted in the Roman legends.

Though it appears from the scriptural account that Simon was converted by Philip, the arts he had imparted to his scholars did not cease in the world, but were continued by Menander, one of his said scholars, and a Samaritan also, who practised forceries and went to Antioch; where he deluded many people: Irenæus relates that Marcus, another of Simon's scholars, was a very powerful magician and drew many followers; that Anaxilaus pretended to cure madness by the same art, turned white wine
into

into red, and prophesied by the help of a familiar; and that Carpocrates and his pupils practised magical incantations and love-charms, and had absolute power over men's minds by the force of superstition. The charge of forcery became in after times so strong a weapon in the hands of the church of Rome, that they employed it against all in their turns, who separated themselves from the established communion. When Priscillian carried the heresy of the Gnostics into Spain, he was twice brought to trial and convicted of forcery, which Severus Sulpitius in his epistle to Ctesiphon says he confessed to have learned of Marcus the Egyptian abovementioned; this Priscillian was a great adept in Zoroastrian magic, and though a magician was promoted to the episcopacy. The same Severus, in his life of Saint Martin, relates that there was a young man in Spain, who by false miracles imposed upon the people to believe he was the prophet Elias, afterwards he feigned himself to be Christ, and drew Rufus, though a bishop, to give credit to his blasphemous imposition, and to pay him worship accordingly. Paul the deacon also

relates that there were three other Pseudo-Christis in France, one of which was a Briton, whom Gregory of Tours calls Eun (probably Evan) of whom Robert the chronologer and William of Newberry record many miracles; all these Paul tells us were heretics.

In the pontificate of Innocent VI. there was one Gonsalvo a Spaniard in the diocese of Concha, who wrote a book, which he intitled *Virginalem*, with a dæmon visibly standing at his elbow, and dictating to him as he copied it from his mouth; in which book he announced himself to be Christ, the immortal saviour of the world; this man was put to death as a heretic and blasphemer. Sergius, the author of the Armenian heresy, was charged with keeping a dæmon in the shape of a dog constantly attending upon him; and Berengarius, chief of the Sacramentarian heresy, was in like manner accused of being a magician: Many more instances might be adduced, but Tertullian takes a shorter course, and fairly pronounces that all heretics were magicians, or had commerce with magicians.

The

The Infidels escaped no better from this charge than the Heretics : for the Moors who brought many arts and inventions into Spain, of which the natives were in utter ignorance, universally fell under the same accusation, and Martin Delrius the Jesuit, who taught theology in Salamanca at the close of the sixteenth century, says he was shewn the place where a great cave had been stopped up in that city by order of Queen Isabella, which the Moors had used for the purposes of necromancy ; that the Hussites in Bohemia, and the followers of the arch-heretic Luther in Germany, confounded men's senses by the power of magic and the assistance of the devil, to whom they had devoted themselves ; that some of them voluntarily recanted and confessed their evil practices, and others, being seized and examined at the tribunal of Treves, made like public confession, at which time, he adds—
“ That terrible and tartarean prop of Lutheranism, Albert of Brandeburgh, himself a notorious magician, was in the act of laying waste that very country with fire and sword.”—*Tetrum illud et tartareum Lutheranismi fulcrum, ipse quoque*

magicæ nomine famosus, Albertus Brandeburgicus, provincia millam flammâ ferroque prædabundus vastabat.—He adds, that wherever the heresy of Calvin went, whether to England, France or Holland, the black and diabolic arts of necromancy kept pace with it. That the dæmons take their abode in heretics as naturally as they did in heathen idols, or in the herd of swine, when commanded; nay Hieronymus declares that they got into worse quarters by the exchange; Cassian, (*Collat. 7. cap. 31.*) an ancient writer of great gravity; affirms that he had himself interrogated a dæmon, who confessed to him that he had inspired Arius and Eunomius with the first ideas of their sacrilegious tenets: That it is demonstrable by reason, that all heretics must in the end be either atheists or forcerers; because heresy can only proceed from the passion of pride and self-sufficiency, which lead to atheism; or from curiosity and love of novelty, which incline the mind to the study of magical arts: That sorcery follows heresy, as the plague follows famine; for heresy is nothing else but a famine, as described by the prophet Amos, chap. viii. verse 11. *Not a*

famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.—Moreover heresy is a harlot, as Isaiah expresseth himself—*How is the faithful city become a harlot?*—And as harlots, when past their beauty, take up the trade of procureffes, so dæmons, (as these good catholics inform us) turn old and obdurate heretics into forcerers: Father Maldonatus sees the heretics again in the ninth chapter of the Apocalypse come out of the smoke in form of locusts upon the earth, and as Joel the prophet writes in the fourth verse of his first chapter—*That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten.*—So in these gradations of vermin may be seen the stages of heresy, for what the heretics have left, the forcerers by the devil's aid have destroyed; and what the forcerers have left, the atheists have destroyed.

Having stated the charge, which my heretical readers will perceive is pretty general against them, I shall proceed to some facts in proof. One of the most stubborn amongst these is the case of an heretical

woman in the town of Paderborn, who brought forth a male infant in a parson's gown and beaver—*palliatum et pileatum modo ecclesiasticorum*—who from his natural antipathy to papists always reviled them wherever he met them; this Father Delrius assures us was a fact of general notoriety, and a just judgment from God on the heresy of the mother. Niderius, in the chapter upon witches in *Formicario*, says that an heretical young witch at Cologne, by the help of a dæmon, took a handkerchief, and, in presence of a great company of noble spectators, tore it into pieces, and immediately afterwards produced it whole and entire; this wicked jade then took up a glass, threw it against the wall, broke it into a thousand fragments, and instantly shewed it to the company as whole as at first: Niderius concludes, with just indignation against such diabolical practices, that this girl was well handled by the Fathers of the Inquisition, where her tricks could stand her in no stead; which indeed is not to be wondered at, as the devil himself would not chuse to venture before that tribunal. Bodinus, in his treatise upon dæmons, relates that a conjurer
named

named Trifcalinus, performed some tricks before Charles the ninth of France, and by the black art contrived to draw into his hand several rings from the fingers of a courtier, who stood at a distance from him, and that every body saw these rings fly through the air to the conjurer, whereupon the whole company rising up against him for the performance of such diabolical feats (*quæ nec arte, nec actu humano, nec naturâ fieri poterant*) fell upon him, and by force brought him to confess that he conspired with the devil, which at first this hardened sinner was very unwilling to do; Bodinus with great candour observes, that this was indeed a blot in the fame of Charles the ninth, who in all other respects was a praise-worthy monarch; (*aliàs laudato rege.*) When my readers recollect the meritorious part that Charles the ninth acted in the massacre of Paris, he will own with me that the candour of Bodinus is extraordinary in producing a story so much to the discredit of a praise-worthy prince.

There was one Zedekiah a Jew phyfician, who in prefence of the Emperor Lodowick the pious, in the year 876, fwallowed a prize-fighter on horseback, horse and all, (*hoplomachum*

(*hoplomachum equitem devoravit*)—Nay he did more, he swallowed a cart loaded with hay, horses and driver, (*currum quoque onustum fæno cum equis et aurigâ*)—he cut off people's heads, hands and feet, which he fastened on again in the eyes of all the court, whilst the blood was running from them, and in a moment the man so maimed appeared whole and unhurt; he caused the Emperor to hear the sound of hounds in full chace, with shouts of huntsmen and many other noises in the air; and in the midst of winter shewed him a garden in full bloom with flowers and fruits and birds singing in the trees; a most detestable piece of magic and very unworthy of an emperor to pass over with impunity, for he suffered the Jew doctor to escape.—As it is always right when a man deals in the marvellous to quote his authority, I beg leave to inform the incredulous reader (if any there be) that I take these facts upon the credit of the learned Joannes Trithemius, a very serious and respectable author.—One more case in point occurs to me, which I shall state, and then release my readers from the conjurers circle, and this is the case of one Diodorus, vulgarly called
Liodorus,

Liodorus, a Sicilian conjurer, who by spells and enchantments turned men into brute animals, and metamorphosed almost every thing he laid his hands on; this fellow, when the inhabitants of Catana would have persuaded him to let them hang him quietly and contentedly, as a conjurer and heretic ought, took counsel of the devil, and cowardly flew away to Byzantium by the shortest passage through the air, to the great disappointment of the spectators; being pursued by the officers of justice, not indeed through the air, but as justice is accustomed to travel *pede claudo*, he took a second flight, and alighting in the city of Catana was providentially caught by Leo the good bishop of that city, who throwing him into a fiery furnace, roasted this strange bird to the great edification of all beholders (*sed tandem a Leone Catanensi episcopo, divinâ virtute ex improvîso captus, frequenti in mediâ urbe populo, in fornacem igneam injectus, ignis incendio consumptus est*)—This anecdote is to be found in Thomas Fazellus, (*lib. 5. c. 2.* and again *lib. 3. deca. 1. rerum Sicularum*) who closes his account with the following pious remark, naturally arising from his subject,

subject, and which I shall set down in his own words—*Sic divina justitia prævaluit, et qui se judicibus forte minus justo zelo motis eripuerat, e sancti viri manibus elabi non potuit.* “Thus,” says he, “divine justice prevail-
“ed; and he, who had snatched himself
“out of the hands of judges, who perhaps
“were actuated by a zeal not so just as it
“should be, could not escape from this
“holy person.”

No. XXXII.

*Quis labor hic superis cantus herbasq; sequendi,
Spernendiq; timor? Cujus commercia pacti
Obstrictos habuere Deos? Parere necesse est,
An juvat? Ignota tantum pietate merentur,
An tacitis valere minis? Hoc juris in omnes
Est illis superos? An habent hæc carmina certum
Imperiosa Deum, qui mundum cogere, quicquid
Cogitur ipse, potest?*

(LUCAN. lib. vi. 491, &c.)

HAVING in my preceding paper stated some of the proofs by which the orthodox theologians make good their charge of sorcery against Heretics, Jews and Mahometans,

metans, and shewn from their authorities, faithfully and correctly quoted, how naturally the devil and his agents take to all those who separate from the mother church of Rome; having also briefly deduced the history of magic from its origin and invention, and taken some notice of those passages in holy writ, where forcerers and magicians are made mention of, I shall now proceed to a more interesting part of my subject, in which I shall lay open the arcana of the art magic, and shew what that wicked and mysterious compact is, on which it depends, and explain the nature of those diabolical engagements, which a man must enter into before he can become an adept in forcery.

This compact or agreement, as grave and learned authors inform us, is sometimes made expressly with the great devil himself in person, corporally present before witnesses, who takes an oath of homage and allegiance from his vassal, and then endows him with the powers of magic: This was the case with a certain Arragonefe nobleman, which Heisterback in his treatise upon miracles tells us he was a witness to, also of the Vidame Theophylus in the year 537, as related by Sigisbert:

Sigisbert: Sometimes it is done by memorial or address in writing, in the manner of certain Norman heretics, who wrote a petition to the Sybills, as chief of the necromancers: This petition sets forth that, "WHEREAS
" the parties undersigning had entered into
" certain articles and conditions, and by
" solemn engagement bound themselves
" faithfully to perform the same, they now
" pray in the first place the ratification of
" those articles and conditions on the part of
" the Sybills; and that they would be pleased
" in conformity thereunto to order and direct their under-agents and familiars to
" do suit and service to the contracting parties agreeably to condition; and that
" when they were summoned and invoked
" to appear, they would be promptly forthcoming, not in their own shapes, to the
" annoyance and offence of the contracting parties, but sprucely and handsomely, like
" personable gentlemen; also that the petitioners might be discharged from the ceremony of compelling them by the drawing
" of a circle, or of confining themselves or
" their familiars within the same.

" Secondly, That the Sybills would be
" pleased

“ pleased to affix some seal or signature to
“ the convention, by which its power and
“ efficacy with their subservient familiars
“ might be rendered more secure and per-
“ manent.

“ Thirdly, That the petitioners may be
“ exempted from all danger, which might
“ otherwise accrue to them, from the civil
“ authority of magistrates or the inquisito-
“ rial power of the church.

“ Fourthly, that all the temporal under-
“ takings and pursuits of the petitioners in the
“ courts and councils of princes may prof-
“ per and succeed ; and that good luck may
“ attend them in all kinds of gaming to their
“ suitable profit and advantage.

“ Lastly, That their enemies of all sorts
“ may have no power over them to do them
“ hurt.

“ That these conditions being granted
“ and performed, the petitioners on their
“ part solemnly promise and vow perpetual
“ fealty and allegiance to their sovereigns,
“ the Sybills, as in the convention itself is
“ more fully set forth ; and that they will
“ faithfully, so long as they shall live, make
“ a sacrifice and oblation of one human soul,
“ every

“ every year, to be offered up on the day and
“ hour of the day, in which this convention
“ shall be ratified and confirmed by the Sy-
“ billine powers; Provided always, That
“ the said high and mighty powers shall ful-
“ ly and *bona fide* perform what is therein
“ stipulated and agreed to on their parts in
“ the premises.”

This document is faithfully translated from Father Delrius's Latin treatise *Disquisitionum Magicarum*, Lib. 2. Quest. 4: He says that it was publicly burned at Paris, together with the books of magic it refers to, and he quotes the authority of *Crespetus de odio Satanae Discursu* 15. for a more particular account; but as Crespetus's book is not in my reach I can trace the story no further.

In both these cases, whether the parties contract *viva voce*, or proceed by petition, the conditions are the same, and consist, as we are told, in an express renunciation of the Christian creed; the baptismal rites are reversed, and the devil, or his representative, scratches out the cross from the forehead with his nails, and re-baptizes his vassal by a name of his own devising; these are indispensable

dispensable conditions: The devil also exacts some rag or remnant of his vassal's garment, as a badge of allegiance, and compels him to make the oath within a circle drawn upon the ground, (which being a figure without beginning or end is a symbol of divinity) in this circle the figure of a cross is to be traced out, on which the magician elect tramples and kicks with disdain; he then requests the devil to strike his name out of the book of life, and inscribe it in the book of death; he next promises to make monthly or quarterly sacrifices to the devil, which female magicians or witches perform by sucking out the breath of a new-born male infant; he proceeds to put some secret mark upon himself with the point of a needle, as the sign of the Beast or Antichrist, in which mark there is great potency, and in some cases, according to Irenæus, it appears that the devil insists upon cauterizing his disciples in the upper membrane of the right ear; in others, according to Tertullian, in the forehead; this being done the magician elect vows eternal enmity against the Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, the Holy Relics and

and Images, and forswears confession for ever; upon which the devil ratifies his part of the compact, and the magic ceremony is complete.

On these conditions the devil seldom, if ever, takes a terrific form, for fear of deterring his votaries, and oftentimes appears in great beauty and with a very winning address, as he did to Theodore Maillot, deputy-governor of Lorraine, visiting him in the shape of a very pretty girl, (*lepidâ et liberali formâ puella*) and promising him a certain great lady in marriage, with whom Maillot was distractedly in love; the conditions stipulated by the devil on this visit were of a piece with the lovely form he assumed, for they consisted in injunctions only to perform all the Christian and moral duties, to observe his meagre days, to say his masses, and be regular in his confessions; These unexpected stipulations threw Maillot into so deep a melancholy, that his domestic chaplain, observing it, extorted from him a confession of all that had passed, and piously dissuaded him from any further interviews of that sort: Remigius, who relates the story in his *Dæmonolatria*, gravely observes,

serves, the judgment of heaven soon overtook him in a very extraordinary manner, for his horse fell down upon smooth ground, and Maillot broke his neck by the fall.

As to the magic powers, which the devil imparts in return for these concessions of his votaries, theologicians have different opinions, some giving more and some less credit to the miracle ; but the general opinion amongst them is, that they are performed by the devil and his dæmons by the celerity of art and motion, with which one thing is substituted for another, but that there is no new creation in the case. They do not doubt but that there are certain figures, names, and characters, which have a magical power, as the nine cauldrons, the names of the four principal hinges of the world, the three-times-seven characters of Mahometan device, and many others ; that there are rings and seals, which are amulets and charms, inscribed with the names of Raphael, Salomon, Zachariah, Elizeus, Constantine, The Maccabees and others ; that certain signs in the Zodiac engraved upon gems have good or evil properties ; for instance, Aries, Leo and Sagittarius make a man beloved ; Virgo, Taurus and Capricornus make him

him religious ; Gemini, Libra and Aquarius produce friendship ; whilst Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces create falsehood : The character of Saturn gives strength ; Jupiter good fortune ; Mars victory ; Sol riches ; Venus prevents drowning, and Luna has the same virtue with Venus : The figure of an ass, engraved on a chrysolite, imparts the gift of prophecy ; that of a dragon gives riches, and that of a frog gives friendship : It was the prevailing opinion in Flanders, that a man born on Easter-eve had the gift of curing fevers ; so had the seventh son, where no daughter interposed ; whereas the gift, which the kings of England had of touching for the evil, expired upon the heresy of Henry the eighth, though William Tooker wrote books to prove that Queen Elizabeth, then on the throne, inherited this virtue with the crown ; this doctrine of Tooker is strenuously controverted by Delrius the Jesuit of Salamanca, and his argument is very logical and decisive : *Miracula propria sunt ecclesiæ Catholicæ ; sed Elizabetha est extra ecclesiam Catholicam, et nulli dantur qui sit extra ecclesiam Catholicam ; ergo Elizabethæ non dantur miracula.* Q. E. D.

*

Again,

Again, *Non possunt miracula fieri ad confirmationem falsæ fidei ; sed fides, quam profitetur Elizabetha, est falsa fides ; ergo ad confirmationem fidei, quam profitetur Elizabetha, non possunt fieri miracula*—And who now shall defend our defenders of the faith?

It is acknowledged that sorcerers and magicians can blight the grain, destroy the fruits of the earth, and make a bad harvest, which Remigius assures us is done by sprinkling certain dust in the air, which the dæmon makes up and supplies them for the purpose.—

Carmine læsa Ceres sterilem venescit in herbam ;

Deficiunt læsi carmine fontis aque ;

Illicibus glandes, cantataque vitibus uva

Dicidit, et nullo poma movente fluunt.

OVID.

“ Witches can blight our eorn by magic spell,
 “ And with enchantments dry the springing well,
 “ Make grapes and acorns fall at their command,
 “ And strip our orchards bare without a hand.”

Remigius says, the dæmons do not only make up this powder or dust for the witches, but are particularly indulgent to them in the article of ground-mice, with which they devour all the roots of the grass and grain ;

that the gad-fly is always within call, and that they have plenty of wolves at command to send into any fold or flock they think proper to destroy: The learned author doubts if the devil actually makes these wolves *de novo*, but rather thinks that he hunts them up together, and drives the country; if this sport does not succeed to his wish, he thinks it probable the dæmons themselves execute the mischief in the shapes of wolves—(*verisimile videtur dæmones esse, qui specie lupinâ talem pauperiâ faciunt*)—He tells us that he has brought many witches to confess these things, and though he acknowledges the power of their spells for producing meats and viands, that have the appearance of a sumptuous feast, which the devil furnishes, still he gives a bad account of his cookery, for that divine providence seldom permits the meat to be good, but that it had generally some bad taste or smell, mostly wants salt, and the feast is often without bread.

Though heretics have obstinately denied the copulation of wizards with the female dæmons called Succubæ; and of witches with the males, or Incubi, yet the whole authority

authority of the Catholic church with the bull of Pope Innocent VIII. expressly affirms it for a fact—(*Communis tamen hæc est sententia Patrum, Theologorum et Philosophorum doctorum—et pro eadem pugnat bulla Innocentii VIII. Pontificis contra maleficos*).—

It is also an orthodox opinion, that children may be begotten by this diabolical commerce, and there is little doubt but that Luther was the son of an Incubus. That witches are carried through the air by certain spells is confirmed by a host of witnesses, and the operation is generally performed by smearing the body with a certain ointment, prepared by the dæmons; this ointment several people have innocently made use of, particularly husbands of ladies using witchcraft, and have found themselves wafted up chimnies and through windows at a furious rate, and transported sometimes an hundred miles from their own homes: Many curious instances might be enumerated, but having related so many I forbear to trespass on my reader's patience any longer.

I should be loth to have it supposed that I have selected these anecdotes and quotations for the purpose merely of casting a

ridicule on the superstition of the Catholic church; I can truly declare I did not take up the subject with any such design, and hold the principle of religious animosity in as much abhorrence as any man living. When I have said this in my own defence, I think it necessary to add, that all the accounts I have turned over, which are pretty voluminous, are replete with the same or greater absurdities, than these I have produced; all the reasoning is nothing but a mass of ignorance refined upon by subtlety, inspired by superstition, and edged with acrimony against schismatics and heretics, upon whom this terrible engine of forcery has been turned with a spirit of persecution, that does no credit to the parties who employed it.

The fact is, that the Christian church in the early ages soon discovered two important matters of faith in the sacred writings, which might be made useful weapons in her possession; I mean miracles and forceries; the one she reserved to herself, the other she bestowed upon her enemies; and though there is every reason to conclude that both had ceased in the world, she found her own
interest

interest was concerned in prolonging their existence: The ages that succeeded to the introduction of Christianity, were soon cast into the profoundest ignorance by the irruptions of the barbarous nations, and credulity naturally follows ignorance: the terrors of magic in those dark times readily took hold of superstitious minds; every thing that the dawnings of science struck out in that night of reason, every thing that reviving art invented, even the little juggling tricks and deceptions, that slight of hand performed to set the crowd agape, and support a vagrant life in idleness, were charged to sorcery, and tortures were employed to force out confessions of secret dealings and compacts with the devil and his agents. Those confessions were undoubtedly made, and as full and circumstantial as the inquisitor chose to prescribe, and being published with the authority of office had their influence with mankind and were believed; nay, it is but fair to suppose that the fathers and doctors of the church themselves believed them, and were sincere in their endeavours to extirpate sorcery, thinking that they did God service.

When we read of people being thrown alive into the flames for playing a few juggling tricks, which now would not pass upon the vulgar at a country fair, and the devil himself brought in to father the performance, it is shocking to humanity and a violence to reason; but we shall cruelly err against both by ascribing all these acts to persecution, when ignorance and credulity are entitled to so great a share of them: The churchmen of those ages were not exempt from the errors and darkness of the time they lived in, and very many of them not only believed the forceries of the heretics, but swallowed the miracles of the saints: The genius of the Catholic religion in this illuminated and liberal period is of a different complexion from what the nature of my subject has obliged me to display; of the enlarged and truly Christian principles, which now prevail amongst the professors of that system of faith, the world abounds with examples, and I am persuaded, that if the tribunal of the Inquisition was put aside, (a tribunal so directly adverse to the religion of Christ) the hateful tenet of intolerance would soon be done away, and a
spirit

spirit of meekness and mercy, more consensaneous to the principles of the present Catholics, would universally prevail.

No. XXXIII.

——— *Mutato nomine de te*
Fabula narratur——— (HORAT.)

——— “*The story slyly points at you.*”

PRIDE is never more offensive, than when it condescends to be civil; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good-humour. Nothing was ever more agreeable than Vanessa t’other night, when I found her in a small circle over her fire-side, where a certain gentleman had taken the whole task of talking on himself, and left Vanessa nothing else to do, but to shew him just as much attention as served to make him believe she was listening, and left her at liberty to rest her own imagination in the mean-time.

I found this gentleman at the close of a pathetic narrative he had been giving of

some adventure, which he had met with in his travels, and which he wound up with saying—"I am afraid, ladies, this story has "made you melancholy," If he had said *weary*, he had been nearer to the truth: Methought Vanessa once in her life forgot her usual politeness, when she answered him—"Oh! no; not at all"—but she was thinking of something else, and the story I should guess had been very circumstantial; so that I heartily forgave her. The talking gentleman however was not disposed to take her word, but stuck to his opinion, and had so much consideration for the company, as to promise them another story, which should be altogether as diverting as the former one had been mournful. There was an effort in the countenance of Vanessa, which convinced me of her good-humour; she strove to welcome this promise with a smile; but it was a smile, that cost her some pains to produce, and if the talker had possessed but one grain of intuition, he must have discovered that all such promises cut up performance; and that no story will endure a preface. I felt at that moment all the awkward embarrassment of his situation,

as

as if it had been my own; and it was a sensible relief to me, when Vanessa gave a little hitch to her chair, as if drawing nearer to the story-teller, and at the same time stooping forward, put herself into a listening attitude. She never appeared so amiable in my eyes, and I began to take heart—*What pains and trouble, thought I, does this poor man take to make himself agreeable, when every struggle carries him further from his point! And how little does he know what an easy thing it is to those, who have the secret of succeeding without any effort at all!*—I use almost the very words of a contemporary author, and I am obliged to him for them.

As for the story, which now followed, there is no occasion to repeat it; if it had made its entrance without a herald; if it had grown out of the conversation naturally, and not been grafted in against nature; and if it had been less prolix, or told with more point, the story had not been amiss; it was a good one in its own country, but it was lamed in its journey, and Vanessa did not seem exactly to know when it was finished, until the relater made a second apostrophe, hoping he had now repaired all former da-

mages, and reinstated the ladies in their usual good spirits. Vanessa now found it necessary to say something, and well knowing, without doubt, that people like to be treated as if they had sensibility, although they have none, she passed a few compliments upon the story very neatly turned; when an elderly gentleman (who, as I afterwards found out, was father to the talking gentleman) observed to him, that as he had made us grave, and made us merry, nothing now remained but to make us wise.—“And who so fit for that purpose,” added he, “as the lady of the house herself?” Vanessa very aptly replied, that she knew but one way to impose that belief on the company, and that was by keeping silence.—“And what is so edifying,” resumed he, “as to keep silence? What is so good a lesson of wisdom, as to see one, who can talk so well, forbear to do it, until other tongues have run their course?”—I stole a glance at the talkative gentleman, and to my utter surprize he was so far from being sensible of the rebuff, that he was actually preparing for another onset.—“What you remark upon silence,” cried he, “puts me in
“mind

“mind of an admirable story.”—“That
“may well be,” answered the old gentle-
man; “but give me leave first to tell you
“a story, that may put you in mind of
“silence.”—

“Jupiter and Apollo came down from
“Olympus upon a visit to king Midas :
“Mercury had been dispatched to apprise
“him of the guests he was to entertain,
“and to signify to him, that it was the
“pleasure of the gods to be received with
“no extraordinary honours, but to be con-
“sidered only as travellers, who came to pay
“a visit to his court, and take a view of his
“capital. On the day appointed, Jupiter,
“in the person of an elderly Athenian gen-
“tleman, and Apollo as his son, presented
“themselves in the great saloon of the pa-
“lace: Midas, surrounded by his courtiers,
“and glittering in his richest robes, re-
“ceived the gods habited in this simple at-
“tire, and unattended. The injunctions
“of Mercury were neglected, for the feast
“was the most sumptuous that art and lux-
“ury could devise; and the gods were
“disgusted with the vanity of their host,
“and the profusion of his entertainment.

“ When Midas had thus contrived to display the wealth and splendor of his court
“ to his celestial guests, his next study was
“ to impress them with an opinion of his talents and accomplishments: He discoursed to Jupiter, without ceasing, upon his maxims and rules of government; he treated him with innumerable anecdotes and events, calculated to set off his own wisdom, consequence, and good policy, and of every tale he made himself the hero. The courtiers kept silence through fear, the deities through contempt; no voice was heard but the voice of Midas. He had not the sense to discern the impropriety of his being an incessant talker, when he ought only to have been a respectful hearer; and so consummate was his vanity, that having possessed Jupiter with impressions, as he foolishly imagined, of his wisdom and science, he flattered himself nothing was wanting but to recommend himself to Apollo by a specimen of his accomplishments in music and poetry. A band of minstrels were summoned, who performed a kind of prelude on their harps by way of flourish
“ before

“ before the master-artist began, when Mi-
“ das, starting from his seat as if with sud-
“ den inspiration, seized his lyre, and struck
“ up a strain, which he accompanied with
“ his voice, whilst his self-conceit inspired
“ him to believe he could rival Apollo him-
“ self in harmony, and even provoke him to
“ envy.

“ As soon as Midas laid down his lyre,
“ the gods rose up to depart ; when instead
“ of those applauses which he looked for,
“ and expected as a tribute due to his art
“ even from the immortals themselves, Ju-
“ piter, turning towards him with a frown,
“ which brought into his countenance the
“ inherent majesty of the thunderer, thus
“ accosted him—‘ Had you entertained us,
“ O Midas, in the manner I prescribed, and
“ met the condescension of the gods with
“ the modesty that becomes a mortal, we
“ had left a blessing with our host, instead
“ of a reproof : But when you affected to
“ dazzle me, who am myself the dispenser
“ of all mortal attainments, with the vain
“ display of your wealth and wisdom ;
“ and when you rashly assailed the
“ ears of Apollo himself, who presides
“ over

“ over music and poetry, with the barbarous jingle of your lyre, and the hoarse untuneable dissonance of your voice, you foolishly forgot both yourself and us ; and by talking and singing without intermission, when you should rather have listened to us with attention, you reverse the application of those faculties I have bestowed upon you, not considering that when I gave to man two organs of hearing, and only one of speech, I marked out the use he was to make of those dispensations : To remind you therefore of my design, and your duty, I shall curtail your tongue, and lengthen your ears.’——

“ Jupiter ceased speaking ; and whilst the deities ascended to Olympus, the ears of the monarch sprouted up into the ears of an ass.”

The moral of the fable, and the personal application of it, were too obvious to be mistaken by any of the company. Vanessa’s sensibility suffered visibly on the occasion ; but she soon broke the painful silence, and addressing herself to the old gentleman—

“ I am obliged to you for your fable,” says she, “ and shall edify by the moral ; but still I cannot help the weakness of a woman,

“ man,

“ man, and must needs feel a compassion
“ for poor Midas, whose trespass, being of a
“ good-humoured sort, deserved more
“ mercy than it met with.—I confess the
“ art of being agreeable, frequently miscar-
“ ries through the ambition which accom-
“ panies it. Wit, learning, wisdom—what
“ can more effectually conduce to the pro-
“ fit and delight of society? Yet I am sen-
“ sible that a man may be too invariably
“ wise, learned, or witty, to be agreeable :
“ And I take the reason of this to be, that
“ pleasure cannot be bestowed by the simple
“ and unmixed exertion of any one fa-
“ culty or accomplishment ; if every word a
“ man speaks is to be wit or wisdom, if he
“ is never to relax either in look or utterance
“ from his superiority of character, society
“ cannot endure it : The happy gift of be-
“ ing agreeable seems to consist not in one,
“ but in an assemblage of talents tending to
“ communicate delight ; and how many are
“ there, who by easy manners, sweetness
“ of temper, and a variety of other unde-
“ finable qualities, possess the power of
“ pleasing without any visible effort, with-
“ out the aids of wit, wisdom, or learning,
“ nay,

“ nay, as it should seem, in their defiance ;
 “ and this without appearing even to know
 “ that they possess it ? Whilst another, by
 “ labouring to entertain us too well, enter-
 “ tains us as poor Midas did his visitors.”

When Vanessa had done speaking, the hour reminded me that I ought to take my leave, which I did with regret, repeating to myself as I walked homewards—*This lady should never be seen in a circle.*

No. XXXIV.

Favete linguis ! (HORAT.)

AN ingenious author, who some years ago published a volume under the title of *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, has the following remark :—*You would know how a man talks to judge of his understanding, and yet possibly (however great the paradox) the very contrary method might be less fallible ; the knowing how he hears might shew it you much better.* As I had not seen this book when I gave my account of Mr. Jedediah Fish's Academy

Academy for *Hearing*, it gave me great pleasure to fall in with the sentiment of a contemporary, who whilst he mixes with the world as a man of fashion, reviews the living manners with the sagacity of a philosopher. I transcribed the whole article, from which the above passage is extracted, and sent it to *Mr. Fish*: It will be found in the author's volume, No. LXXI. and is aptly illustrated by two sketches of character; one of which, called *Cleon*, is a talker, and *Theocles*, the other, a hearer.

I have been favoured with the following answer from *Mr. Fish*.

SIR,

Your's is received: I approve of the extract, and like the author's manner well: He deals in ideas rather than in words; some men talk more than they hear; others write more than they read: As benevolence should act without display, so good advice should be given in few words.

I send you the following cases according to desire:

A young man, known to his familiars by the name of *Jack Chatter*, came under my hands:

hands: The symptoms of his disorder may be thus described—*Garrulitas vix intermissa cum cachinno tantum non continuo*.—Garrulity, attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no uncommon case, when the provocation thereunto springs from jokes of a man's own making; but there was this peculiarity in *Mr. Chatter's* disease, that he would laugh where no jest was, or even at the jests of other people, rather than not laugh at all. I soon perceived this to be occasioned by exceedingly weak intellects, and an even row of very white teeth. As his malady would not yield to the ordinary prescriptions, I was forced to throw him into a regimen of *skating*, for which the season was then favourable: The operation succeeded to my warmest wishes, and the patient was effectually silenced by a happy dislocation of two of his fore-teeth from a fall on the ice.

Miss Kitty Scandal was put into my hands by her acquaintance in a very deplorable condition; it was the *Cacoëthes defamationis scabiosum*: The common antidotes had no effect upon her; I administered *detergents* out of *Miss Carter's Epictetus* and *Mrs. Chapones's Letters*, but the dose would not stay.

stay upon her stomach; I tried the *Pythagorean pill*, but with no better success. As the patient had a remarkable swelling about the waist, which I conceived might arise from an overflowing of the spleen, I called in my excellent friend Dr. Ford: The Doctor delivered her of her swelling, and *Miss Kitty Scandal* has not been known to open her lips since.

Tom Belfry was the nuisance of society; he applied to me when he was far gone indeed; he had been black-balled by half the clubs in town, and sent to *Coventry* by the other half. I examined his case, and found it under the following class—*Vox stentoria, sempiterna, cum cerebello vacuo, necnon auribus obtusis admodum ac inertibus*.—As his organs of speech seemed in want of immediate modulation, I tried the pitch-pipe upon him repeatedly, but the vehemence of his complaint baffled all my efforts; I could never bring him down within a full octave of sound health. I was unwilling to proceed to extremities, till I had done all that my more regular practice could suggest for his relief; but when I found none but desperate remedies could save him, I caused a
vein

vein to be opened in his right arm, and drew out fourteen ounces of blood: This was in the month of March last, and the wind was then in the east with fleet and rain: I immediately ordered the patient to take boat at Black-friars, and be rowed to Chelsea-Reach and back again in an open wherry: The expected consequence ensued; a total deprivation of voice took place, and *Mr. Belfry*, being no longer able to articulate, is become a very companionable man, and is now in as much request with his club, as heretofore he was in disgrace with it.

Counsellor Clack is a young man of quick parts, ready wit, and strong imagination, but forely troubled with the disease called *Lingua volubilis cum sui ipsius amore nimio et prægrevante*.—This patient was radically cured by a strong dose of his own praises, which I took from his mouth, and made him swallow grain for grain as he had uttered them: The *nausea*, occasioned by this dose, operated so strongly on his constitution, as totally to eradicate all seeds of self-consequence, and the counsellor is become one of the modestest men, and best hearers in his profession.

Captain Swagger was continually talking of battles, and sieges, and campaigns, though he had never seen either : He arraigned the conduct of every enterprize ; and proved to demonstration, by the force of oaths, how much better it would have been managed, had he been the commander : The symptoms were too apparent to be mistaken—*Os grandiloquum, rotundum, cum dextrâ bello frigidâ.*—In this state of his disorder he was recommended to my care by the officers of his mess. I found the tumefaction so vehement, that I prescribed an opening by incision. The captain was accordingly sent out by his commanding officer upon a scouting-party, and suffered a surprize, which effectually repelled the tumefaction : *Mr. Swagger* threw up his commission, and has been a very silent member of the civil community ever since.

I have sent you these cases out of many, as being peculiar ; in common cases, the general method I take to bring any gentleman to a patient hearing, is to entertain him with his own commendations : If this simple medicine will not serve, I am forced to dash it with a few drops of slander, which

is the best appeaser I know ; for many of my patients will listen to that, when nothing else can silence them. This recipe however is not palatable, nor ought it to be used but with caution and discretion ; I keep it therefore in reserve like laudanum for special occasions. When a patient is far advanced towards his cure, I take him with me to the gallery of the House of Commons, when certain orators, whom I have in my eye, are upon their legs to harangue ; and I have always found if a convalescent can hear that, he can hear any thing.

I am, Sir, your's to command,

J E D E D I A H F I S H.

I am not so partial to my correspondent, as to defend him in all his proceedings, and I suspect, that, whilst he is labouring to restore his patients to their ears, he may chance to take away their lives. Men, who act upon system, are apt to strain it too far ; and as prevention is always to be preferred to remedy, I could wish that parents would take early care to instruct their children in the art of *hearing*, if it were only to guard them

them against falling into *Mr. Fish's* hands, when the malady may become stubborn.

I shall suggest one hint in the way of advice to fathers and mothers, which, if they are pleased to attend to it, may perhaps save some future trouble and vexation.

I would wish all parents to believe, that the human character begins to fix itself much earlier in life, than they are generally aware of. There is something very captivating in the dawning ideas of our children; we are apt to flatter and caress them for their early vivacity; we tell their smart sayings and repartees with a kind of triumph even in their presence, and the company we tell them to are always polite enough to applaud and admire them. By these means we instil our own vanity into their infant minds, and push their genius into prematurity. The forwardness, which this practice of our's is sure to create, passes off agreeably for a time; but, when infancy ceases, it begins to annoy us, and Miss or Master appear insupportably pert. The parent then finds himself obliged to turn the other side of his countenance upon the witticisms of his child; this is not only a painful

painful task, but probably a fruitless one ; for the child by this time has made its party, and can find its admirers elsewhere : Every obliging visitor makes interest with the clever little creature ; the nursery, the kitchen, the stables echo with applause ; it can chatter, or mimic, or act its tricks before the servants, and be sure of an audience : The mischief is done, and the parent may snub to no purpose.

Let parents therefore first correct themselves, before they undertake that office for their children : Education is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of vanity is too often mistaken for the impulse of nature : When Miss is a wit, I am apt to suspect that her mother is not over-wise.

No. XXXV.

*Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus——*

(LUCRETIVS.)

*At length a mighty man of Greece began
T' assert the natural liberty of man.*

(CREECH.)

THERE are so many young men of fortune and spirit in this kingdom, who, without the trouble of resorting to the founder of their philosophy, or giving themselves any concern about the *Graius homo* in my motto, have nevertheless fallen upon a practice so consentaneous to the doctrines, which he laid down by system, that I much question if any of his profest scholars ever did him greater credit, since the time he first struck out the popular project of driving all religion out of the world, and introducing pleasure and voluptuousness in its stead.

Quare religio pedibus subiecta vicissim

Obteritur, nos exaequat victoria caelo,

“ We tread religion under foot and rise

“ With self-created glory to the skies.”

So far from meaning to oppose myself to such a host of gay and happy mortals, I wish to gain a merit with them by adding to their stock of pleasures, and suggesting some hints of enjoyments, which may be new to them; a discovery which they well know was considered by the kings of Persia, (who practised their philosophy in very ancient times) as a service of such importance to all the sect, (who had even then worn out most of their old pleasures) that a very considerable reward was offered to the inventor of any new one. How the stock at present stands with our modern voluptuaries I cannot pretend to say, but I suspect from certain symptoms, which have fallen under my observation, that it is nearly run out with some amongst them; to such in particular I flatter myself my discoveries will prove of value, and I have for their use composed the following meditation, which I have put together in the form of a soliloquy, solving it step by step as regularly as any proposition in Euclid, and I will boldly vouch it to be as mathematically true. If there is any one *postulatum* in the whole, which the truest voluptuary will not admit

admit to be orthodox Epicurism, I will consent to give up my system for nonsense and myself for an impostor; I condition only with the pupil of pleasure, that whilst he reads he will reflect, that he will deal candidly with the truth, and that he will once in his life permit a certain faculty called reason, which I hope he is possessed of, to come into use upon this occasion; a faculty, which though he may not hitherto have employed, is yet capable of supplying him with more true and lasting pleasures, than any his philosophy can furnish.

I now recommend him to the following meditation, which I have entitled—

“ THE VOLUPTUARY’S SOLILOQUY.”

“ I FIND myself in possession of an estate,
 “ which has devolved upon me without any
 “ pains of my own: I have youth and health
 “ to enjoy it, and I am determined so to
 “ do: Pleasure is my object, and I must
 “ therefore so contrive as to make that ob-
 “ ject lasting and satisfactory: If I throw
 “ the means away, I can no longer compass
 “ the end; this is self-evident; I perceive
 “ therefore that I must not game; for
 D 2 “ though

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 “ ject lasting and satisfactory: If I throw
 “ the means away, I can no longer compass
 “ the end; this is self-evident; I perceive
 “ therefore that I must not game; for
 D 2 “ though

“ though I like play, I do not like to lose
“ that, which alone can purchase every
“ pleasure I propose to enjoy ; and I do not
“ see that the chance of winning other peo-
“ ple’s money can compensate for the pain
“ I must suffer if I lose my own : An addi-
“ tion to my fortune can only give super-
“ fluities ; the loss of it may take away
“ even necessaries ; and in the mean time I
“ have enough for every other gratification
“ but the desperate one of deep play : It is
“ resolved therefore that I will not be a
“ gamester : There is not common sense
“ in the thought, and therefore I renounce
“ it.

“ But if I give up gaming, I will take my
“ swing of pleasure ; that I am determined
“ upon. I must therefore ask myself the
“ question, what is pleasure ? Is it high liv-
“ ing and hard drinking ? I have my own
“ choice to make, therefore I must take
“ some time to consider it. There is no-
“ thing very elegant in it I must confess ; a
“ glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drun-
“ kard is a beast : Besides I am not sure
“ my constitution can stand against it : I
“ shall get the gout, that would be the
“ devil ;

“ devil ; I shall grow out of all shape ; I shall
“ have a red face full of blotches, a foul
“ breath, and be loathsome to the women :
“ I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat
“ upon the women, and therefore adieu to
“ the bottle and all its concomitants ; I
“ prefer the favours of the fair sex to the
“ company of the soakers, and so there is
“ an end to all drinking ; I will be sober,
“ only because I love pleasure.

“ But if I give up wine for women, I will
“ repay myself for the sacrifice ; I will have
“ the finest girls that money can purchase—
“ Money, did I say ? What a sound has
“ that !—Am I to buy beauty with money,
“ and cannot I buy love too ? for there is
“ no pleasure even in beauty without love.
“ I find myself gravelled by this unlucky
“ question : Mercenary love ! that is non-
“ sense ; it is flat hypocrisy ; it is disgusting.
“ I should loath the fawning caresses of a
“ dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false
“ fondness : I find I am wrong again : I
“ cannot fall in love with a harlot ; she must
“ be a modest woman ; and when that be-
“ fals me, what then ? Why then, if I am
“ terribly in love indeed, and cannot be

“ happy without her, there is no other
“ choice left me ; I think I must even
“ marry her ! nay I am sure I must ; for if
“ pleasure leads that way, pleasure is my
“ object, and marriage is my lot : I am de-
“ termined therefore to marry, only because
“ I love pleasure.

“ Well ! now that I have given up all
“ other women for a wife, I am resolved to
“ take pleasure enough in the possession of
“ her ; I must be cautious therefore that
“ nobody else takes the same pleasure too ;
“ for otherwise how have I bettered myself ?
“ I might as well have remained upon the
“ common. I should be a fool indeed to
“ pay such a price for a purchase, and let in
“ my neighbours for a share ; therefore I
“ am determined to keep her to myself, for
“ pleasure is my only object, and this I take
“ it is a sort of pleasure, that does not
“ consist in participation.

“ The next question is, how I must con-
“ trive to keep her to myself.—Not by
“ force ; not by locking her up ; there is
“ no pleasure in that notion ; compulsion is
“ out of the case ; inclination therefore is
“ the next thing ; I must make it her own
“ choice

“ choice to be faithful : It seems then to
“ be incumbent upon me to make a wise
“ choice, to look well before I fix upon a
“ wife, and to use her well, when I have
“ fixed ; I will be very kind to her, because
“ I will not destroy my own pleasure ; and
“ I will be very careful of the temptations I
“ expose her to, for the same reason. She shall
“ not lead the life of your fine town ladies ;
“ I have a charming place in the country ;
“ I will pass most of my time in the coun-
“ try ; there she will be safe and I shall be
“ happy. I love pleasure, and therefore I
“ will have little to do with that curst in-
“ triguing town of London ; I am deter-
“ mined to make my house in the country
“ as pleasant as it is possible

“ But if I give up the gaieties of a town
“ life, and the club, and the gaming-table,
“ and the girls, for a wife and the country,
“ I will have the sports of the country in
“ perfection ; I will keep the best pack of
“ hounds in England, and hunt every day
“ in the week.—But hold a moment there !
“ what will become of my wife all the while
“ I am following the hounds ? Will she
“ follow nobody ; will nobody follow her ?

“ A pretty figure I shall make, to be chasing a stag and come home with the horns.
“ At least I shall not risque the experiment ; I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure ; and I hate a horse-dog woman ; I will keep no whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive therefore I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

“ Why then I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in ; we must ride about the park in fine weather ; we must visit the grounds, and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations ; it will be rare employment for the poor people—That is a thought that never struck me before ; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in setting the poor to work—I shall like a farm for the same reason ; and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy ; she shall have the most elegant dairy in England ; and I will build a conservatory, and she shall have such plants and such flowers !—I have a notion I shall take
“ pleasure

“ pleasure in them myself—And then there
“ is a thousand things to do within-doors ;
“ it is a fine old mansion that is the truth
“ of it : I will give it an entire repair ; it
“ wants new furniture ; that will be very
“ pleasant work for my wife : I perceive I
“ could not afford to keep hounds and to
“ do this into the bargain. But this will
“ give me the most pleasure all to nothing,
“ and then my wife will partake of it—And
“ we will have music and books—I recollect
“ that I have got an excellent library——
“ There is another pleasure I had never
“ thought of—And then no doubt we shall
“ have children, and they are very pleasant
“ company, when they can talk and under-
“ stand what is said to them ; and now I
“ begin to reflect, I find there is a vast
“ many pleasures in the life I have chalked
“ out, and what a fool should I be to throw
“ away my money at the gaming-table, or
“ my health at any table, or my affections
“ upon harlots, or my time upon hounds
“ and horses, or employ either money,
“ health, affections, or time, in any other
“ pleasures or pursuits, than these, which
“ I now perceive will lead me to solid hap-

“ pinefs in this life, and fecure a good
 “ chance for what may befall me hereaf-
 “ ter !”

No. XXXVI.

*Pudore et liberalitate liberos
 Retinere fatius effe credo, quam metu.*
 (TERENT.)

*Better far
 To bind your children to you by the ties
 Of gentlenefs and modefty than fear.*
 (COLMAN.)

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twin-sons of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I fhall call Euphorion ; when they were of age to begin their grammar learning, Euphorion found himfelf exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the beft mode of education ; he had read feveral treatifes on the fubject, which inftead of clearing up his difficulties had encreafed them ; he had confulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found thefe fo equally divided,

divided, and so much to be said on both sides, that he could determine upon neither; unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had had little or no education himself: The clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition, the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connections and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a streight between two roads, and not knowing which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Westminster school.

Euphorion having thus put the two systems fairly to issue waited the event, but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose and the public sunk on the comparison in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's; wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled he hardly seemed of

the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour; Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person, for he herded with the servants in the stable, was for ever under the horses' heels, and foremost in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish; this was a fore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low company, and being the first gentleman of his family seemed determined to keep up to the title: Misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game at cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon; and what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given by a ball from Gemellus's batt; this brought on a severe interdiction of all further fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progress in his books, as he had in his manners;

manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the case to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any sense to the unlucky school-boy, for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infecta* and in some disorder, for amongst other damages which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black bush wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned and made no other defence, than that *they slipped out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* “Are these your Westminster tricks, sirrah?” cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his scull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipped out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak
and

and gouty, literally followed the blow and was laid sprawling on the floor: Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs, but his anger was now so enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under sentence of immediate dismissal to school; Euphorion declared he was so totally spoilt, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education; it was now too late, (he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came, and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holiday-task, but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him: This was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his brother's good-nature,

nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth, for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, saying "he was a shabby fellow; and for his part he scorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boast of it."—Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences; "he hoped he was not such a blockhead, but he could do his task, if he pleased, and he would instantly set about it and send it down, to convince him, that he could do his own business without any body's help." So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected brought down a portion of *sacred exercise* in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years, adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages, that bespoke the dawning of genius—"I am obliged to you,
" Sir,"

“Sir,” said Gemellus, “it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of.”—The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a disdainful look said—“Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour.”—“I care neither for you nor your school,” answered the domestic youth, “it is you and not I should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall report you to my father.”—“Do so,” replied Gemellus, “and take that with you into the bargain.”—This was immediately seconded with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which however drew the blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm

alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood his ground, and after a severe caning was ordered, to ask pardon of his brother: This he peremptorily refused to do, alledging that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school penniless, and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, observing that the charge being for offences out of school he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related: This drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

“ BROTHER GEMELLUS,

“ If you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the ensuing holidays : If not, you must take the consequences and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself,

“ Your affectionate brother,

“ GEMINUS.”

To this letter Gemellus returned an answer as follows.

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ I am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past ; be assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to ask your pardon for : Whatever consequences may
“ befall

" beſal me for not complying with your
" condition, I ſhall remain

" Your affectionate brother;

" GEMELLUS."

No. XXXVII.

Naturâ tu illi pater es, conſiliis ego.

(TERENT.)

By nature you're his father; I by counſel.

(COLMAN.)

THIS letter fixed the fate of Gemellus: Reſentments are not eaſily diſlodged from narrow minds; Euphorion had not penetration to diſtinguiſh between the characters of his children; he ſaw no meanneſs in the ſly inſidious manners of his homebred favourite, nor any ſparks of generous pride in the ſteady inflexibility of Gemellus; he little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngſt ſpirits communicate to each other in the habits and manners of a public ſchool. He bitterly inveighed againſt his neighbour the lawyer

lawyer for persuading him to such a fatal system of education, and whenever they met in company their conversation was engrossed with continual arguings and reproachings; for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little disposed to give him up, as his father was to excuse him. At last they came to a compromise, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his estate with an annuity for the education and support of Gemellus, which annuity during his nonage was to be received and administered by the said lawyer, and Geminus left heir of the whole fortune, this moderate encumbrance excepted.

The disinterested and proscribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his school expences, and never failed to visit him at those periods, when country practitioners usually resort to town. The boy, apprized of his situation, took no further pains to assuage his father's resentment, but full of resources within himself, and possessed of an active and aspiring genius, pressed forward in his business, and soon found himself at the head
of

of the school, with the reputation of being the best scholar in it.

He had formed a close friendship, according to the custom of great schools, with a boy of his own age, the son of a nobleman of high distinction, in whose family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to pass his holidays, when the school adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer saw the advantages of this early connection in their proper light, and readily consented to admit his ward of the same college in the university, when Gemellus and his friend had compleated their school education. Here the attachment of these young men became more and more solid, as they advanced nearer to manhood, and after a course of academical studies, in which Gemellus still improved the reputation he brought from Westminster, it was proposed that he should accompany his friend upon his travels, and a proper governor was engaged for that service. This proposal rather staggered Gemellus's guardian on the score of expence, and he now found it necessary for the first time to open himself to Euphorion. With this intent he called

called upon him one morning, and taking him aside, told him, he was come to confer with him on the subject of Gemellus—"I am sorry for it," interposed Euphorion. "Hold, Sir," answered the lawyer, "interrupt me not if you please; tho' Gemellus is my ward, he is your son; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as such."—As he was speaking these words, an awkward servant burst into the room, and staring with fright and confusion, told his master there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall door, and was asking to speak with him. Euphorion's surprize was now little less than his servant's, and not being in the habit of receiving visits from people of distinction, he eagerly demanded of the lawyer who this visitor could possibly be, and casting an eye of embarrassment upon his gouty foot—"I am not fit to be seen," said he, "and cannot tell how to escape; for heaven's sake! go and see who this visitor is, and keep him from the sight of me, if it be possible."

Euphorion had scarce done speaking,
when

when the door was thrown open, and the noble stranger, who was no less a person than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach, and having introduced himself to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit, proceeded to explain the occasion of it in the following words:—“I wait upon you, Sir, with a request, “in which I flatter myself I shall be seconded by this worthy gentleman here present: You have the honour to be father “to one of the most amiable and accomplished young men I ever knew; it may “not become me to speak so warmly of “my own son as perhaps I might with “truth, but I flatter myself it will be some “recommendation of him to your good “opinion, when I tell you that he is the “friend and intimate of your Gemellus: “They have now gone through school and “college together, and according to my “notions of the world such early connections, when they are well chosen, are “amongst the chief advantages of a public “education; but as I now purpose to send “my son upon his travels, and in such a “manner as I flatter myself will be for his “benefit and improvement, I hope you will “pardon

“pardon this intrusion, when I inform you
 “that the object of it is to solicit your
 “consent that Gemellus may accompany
 “him.”

Euphorion's countenance, whilst this speech was addressed to him, underwent a variety of changes; surprize at hearing such an unexpected character of his son was strongly expressed; a gleam of joy seemed to break out, but was soon dispelled by shame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him; he attempted to speak, but confusion choaked him; he cast a look of embarrassment upon the lawyer, but the joy and triumph, which his features exhibited, appeared to him like insult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in silence and despair. No one emotion had escaped the observation of Gemellus's patron, who, turning to the lawyer, said he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus's situation, and then addressing himself again to Euphorion—“I can readily understand,” said he, “that such a proposal as I have now opened to
 “you, however advantageous it might pro-
 “mise to be to your son, would not corre-
 “spond with your ideas in point of expence,
 “nor come within the compass of that li-

nobility”

“ mited provision, which you have thought
“ fit to appoint for him : This is a matter,
“ of which I have no pretensions to speak ;
“ you have disposed of your fortune between
“ your sons in the proportions you thought
“ fit, and it must be owned a youth, who
“ has had a domestic education, stands the
“ most in need of a father’s help, from the
“ little chance there is of his being able to
“ take care of himself: Gemellus has talents
“ that must secure his fortune, and if my
“ services can assist him, they shall never be
“ wanting ; in the mean time it is very little
“ for me to say that my purse will furnish
“ their joint occasions, whilst they are on
“ their travels, and Gemellus’s little fund,
“ which is in honest and friendly hands, will
“ accumulate in the interim.”

The length of this speech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himself, if the matter of it had not presented some unpleasant truths to his reflection, which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply ; he made a shift however to hammer out some broken sentences, and with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus by pleading

his infirm state of health, and retirement from the world—he had put him into the hands of his friend, who was present, and as he best knew what answer to give to the proposal in question, he referred his lordship to him and would abide by his decision—he was glad to hear so favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations; he hoped his lordship's partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expressions he had thrown out of his future good offices and protection.—The noble visitor now desired leave to introduce his son, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the same time. This was a surprize upon Euphorion, which he could not parry, and the young friends were immediately ushered in by the exulting lawyer. Gemellus commanded himself with great address; but the father's look, when he first discovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comeliness, with an open countenance, where genius, courage, and philanthropy were characterised, is not to be described: It was a mixt expression of shame, conviction, and repentance;

repentance; nature had her share in it; parental love seemed to catch a glance, as it were, by stealth; he was silent, and his lips quivered with the suppreſt emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached and made an humble obeiſance; Euphorion ſtretched forth his hand; he ſeized it between his, and reverently preſſed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word, and the ſilence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus in a low voice, that his father had conſented to his requeſt, and he had no longer cauſe to apprehend a ſeparation from his friend: The honeſt lawyer now could no longer reſreſs his ecſtacy, but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with open arms, ſhowered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their ſpirits were a little compoſed, Gemellus requeſted to ſee his brother; a ſummons was accordingly iſſued, and Geminus made his entrance. The conſtraſt which this meeting exhibited, ſpoke in ſtronger terms than language can ſupply, the decided preference of a public and liberal

system of education, to the narrow maxims of private and domestic tuition. On Gemellus's part all was candour, openness and cordiality; he hoped all childish differences were forgiven; for his share, if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret, that he had been so long separated from a brother, who was naturally so dear to him; for the remainder of their lives he persuaded himself they should be twins in affection, as well as in birth. On the side of Geminus there was some acting, and some nature; but both were specimens of the worst sort; hypocrisy played his part but awkwardly, and nature gave a sorry sample of her performances.

A few words will suffice to wind up their histories, so far at least as they need be explained: Euphorion died soon after this interview; Geminus inherited his fortune, and upon his very first coming to London was cajoled into a disgraceful marriage with a cast-off mistress, whom he became acquainted with; duped by a profligate and plundered by sharpers, he made a miserable waste both of money and reputation, and in the event became a pensioner of his brother.

Gemellus

Gemellus with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, seconded by a very powerful connection, soon rose to a distinguished situation in the state, where he yet continues to act a conspicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no less reputation to himself.

No. XXXVIII.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

(LUCRETIUS.)

Such cruelties religion could persuade.

(CREECH.)

I REMEMBER to have read an account in a foreign Gazette of a dreadful fire, which broke out so suddenly in a house, where a great many people were assembled, that five hundred persons perished miserably in the flames: The compiler of this account subjoins at the foot of the above melancholy

article, that it is with satisfaction he can assure his readers, *all the above persons were Jews.*

These poor people seem the butt, at which all sects and persuasions level their contempt: They are sojourners and aliens in every kingdom on earth, and yet few have the hospitality to give them a welcome. I do not know any good reason why these unhappy wanderers are so treated, for they do not intrude upon the labourer or manufacturer; they do not burthen the state with their poor, and here at least they neither till the earth, nor work at any craft, but content themselves in general to hawk about a few refuse manufactures, and buy up a few cast-off clothes, which no man methinks would envy them the monopoly of.

It is to the honour of our nation, that we tolerate them in the exercise of their religion, for which the inquisition would tie them to a stake and commit them to the flames. In some parts of the world the burning of a Jew makes a festival for all good Christians; it brings rain and plenty in seasons of drought and famine; it makes atonement for the sins of the people, and
mitigates

mitigates the wrath of an avenging Providence. Wherever they are obliged to conceal their religion, they generally overact their hypocrisy, and crowd their houses with saints and virgins, whilst crucifixes, charms and relicks are hung in numbers round their necks. The son of Jewish parents is brought up in the most rigid exercises of mortification and penance, and when the destined moment is in near approach, when the parent must impart the dreadful secret of his faith, every contrivance is put in practice to disgust and weary him with the laborious functions of their ostensible religion: When this preparatory rigour is perceived to take effect, and the age of the son is ripe for the occasion, the father takes him into the inmost chamber of his house, fastens all the doors, surveys every avenue with the most mysterious attention, and drawing his sword with great solemnity, throws himself on his knees at his feet, and laying open his breast, invites him to thrust the point to his heart — *For know, my son, he cries, I am a Jew, as all my fathers were: Kill me therefore on the spot, or conform to the religion of your ancestors, for you are damned as a catholic, if, knowing what*

you know, you neglect to betray me! This, as I have reason to believe, is no feigned anecdote, but a true account of those secret measures, which many Jewish families to this hour pursue for continuing the practice of their religion and securing themselves from discovery, where the consequences would be so fatal.

Having thus, by way of prelude, briefly informed my readers what these miserable people are suffering in some countries, where they are secretly settled, I shall now proceed to lay before them a letter, which I have lately received from one of that persuasion, complaining of certain indignities and vexations from the humours of our common people, which, although they are but trifles compared to what I have been describing, are nevertheless unbecoming the character of so illuminated and benevolent a nation as we have the honour to belong to.

SIR,

I AM a man, who stick close to my business, and am married to a sober industrious woman, whom I should be glad now and then to treat with a play, which is the only public amusement

amusement she has ever expressed a wish to be indulged in ; but I am really under such difficulties, that I dare not carry her thither, and at the same time do not like to discover my reasons for it, as I should be sorry to give her a dislike to the country she is in.

You must know, Sir, I am a Jew, and probably have that national cast of countenance, which a people so separate and unmixed may well be supposed to have : The consequence of this is, that I no sooner enter a playhouse, than I find all eyes turned upon me ; if this were the worst, I would strive to put as good a face upon it as I could ; but this is sure to be followed up with a thousand scurrilities, which I should blush to repeat, and which I cannot think of subjecting my wife to hear.

As I should really take great pleasure in a good play, if I might be permitted to sit it out in peace, I have tried every part of the house, but the front boxes, where I observe such a line of bullies in the back, that even if I were a Christian I would not venture amongst them ; but I no sooner put my head into an obscure corner of the gallery,

than some fellow or other roars out to his comrades—*Smoke the Jew !—Smoke the cunning little Isaac !—Throw him over*, says another, *hand over the smoutch !—Out with Shylock*, cries a third, *out with the pound of man's flesh—Buckles and buttons ! Spectacles !* bawls out a fourth—and so on through the whole gallery, till I am forced to retire out of the theatre, amongst hootings and hissings, with a shower of rotten apples and chewed oranges vollied at my head, when all the offence I have given is an humble offer to be a peaceable spectator, jointly with them, of the same common amusement.

I hope I shall not incur your displeasure if I venture to say this is not very manly treatment in a great and generous people, which I always took the English to be ; I have lodged my property, which is not inconsiderable, in this country, and having no abiding-place on this earth, which I could call my own, I have made England my choice, thinking it the safest asylum that a wanderer and an alien could fly to ; I hope I have not been mistaken in my opinion of it : It has frequently fallen in my way to shew some kindnesses to your countrymen
in

in foreign parts, and some are yet living, who, if they would speak the truth, must confess that their best friend in life is a Jew : But of these things I scorn to boast ; however, Sir, I must own it gave me some pain the other night to find myself very roughly handled by a seafaring fellow, whom I remembered well enough in a most piteous condition at Algiers, where I had the good will to relieve him and set him at liberty with my own money : I hope he did not recollect me ; I say I hope not for the honour of human nature, but I am much afraid he did : This I am sure would be called ingratitude even in a heathen.

I observe with much concern that your great writers of plays take delight in hanging us out to public ridicule and contempt on all occasions : If ever they are in search of a rogue, an usurer, or a buffoon, they are sure to make a Jew serve the turn : I verily believe the odious character of Shylock has brought little less persecution upon us poor scattered sons of Abraham, than the Inquisition itself. As I am interested to know if this blood-thirsty villain really existed in nature, and have no means to satisfy my curiosity

riosity but your favour, I take the liberty humbly to request that you will tell me how the case truly stands, and whether we must of necessity own this Shylock; also I should be glad to know of which tribe this fellow was, for if such a monster did exist, I have strong suspicion he will turn out a Samaritan. As I cannot doubt but a gentleman of your great learning knows all these things correctly, I shall wait your answer with the most anxious impatience; and pray be particular as to the tribe of Judah, for if nothing less than half my fortune could oust him there, I would pay it down to be rid of such a rascal.

Your compliance with the above will be the greatest obligation you can confer upon,

Sir,

Your most devoted
humble servant,

ABRAHAM ABRAHAMS.

P. S. I hope I shall not give offence by adding a postscript, to say, that if you could persuade one of the gentlemen or ladies, who write plays (with all of whom I conclude you have great interest) to give us
poor

poor Jews a kind lift in a * new comedy, I am bold to promise we should not prove ungrateful on a third night.

A. A.

If I had really that interest with my ingenious contemporaries, which *Mr. Abrahams* gives me credit for, I would not hesitate to exert it in his service; but as I am afraid this is not the case, I have taken the only method in my power of being useful to him, and have published his letter.

As for Shylock, who is so obnoxious to my correspondent, I wish I could prove him the son of a Samaritan as clearly as Simon Magus; but I flatter myself the next best thing for his purpose is to prove him the son of a poet, and that I will endeavour to do in my very next paper, with this further satisfaction to *Mr. Abrahams*, that I do not despair of taking him down a step in his pedigree, which for a poetical one is, as it now stands, of the very first family in the kingdom.

* The comedy has been written and acted: *Mr. Abrahams* has had his wish: In the matter of the promise he seems to have reckon'd *without his host*.

As

As for the vulgar fun of *smoaking a Jew*, which so prevails amongst us, I am persuaded that my countrymen are much too generous and good-natured to sport with the feelings of a fellow-creature, if they were once fairly convinced that a Jew is their fellow-creature, and really has fellow-feelings with their own: Satisfy them in this point, and their humanity will do the rest: I will therefore hope that nothing more is wanting in behalf of my correspondent, (who seems a very worthy man) than to put the following short questions to his persecutors—*Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh? If you poison them, do they not die?*—The man, who can give a serious answer to these questions, and yet persist in persecuting an unoffending being, because he is a Jew, whatever country he may claim, or whatever religion he may profess, has the soul of

an inquisitor, and is fit for nothing else but to feed the fires of an *Auto da Fé*.

When I turn my thoughts to the past and present situation of this peculiar people, I do not see how any Christian nation according to the spirit of their religion can refuse admission to the Jews, who, in completion of those very prophecies, on which Christianity rests, are to be scattered and disseminated amongst all people and nations over the face of the earth. It seems therefore a thing as inconsistent with the spirit of those prophecies for any one nation to attempt to expel them, as it would be to incorporate them.

The sin and obduracy of their forefathers are amongst the undoubted records of our gospel, but I doubt if this can be a sufficient reason, why we should hold them in such general odium through so many ages, seeing how naturally the son follows the faith of the father, and how much too general a thing it is amongst mankind to profess any particular form of religion, that devolves upon them by inheritance, rather than by free election and conviction of reason founded upon examination.

Let

Let me put the case of a man born a Jew and settled in a kingdom, where the Inquisition is in force; can he reconcile his natural feelings to a conversion in favour of that church, which denounces everlasting damnation against him, if he does not betray the secrets of his parents, and impeach them to the Inquisition for the concealed religion, which he knows they practise, though they do not profess?

If we as Christians owe some respect to the Jews as the people chosen by God to be the keepers of those prophetic records, which announce the coming of the Messias, we owe it also to the truth of history to confess, that the hope indulged by them that his coming would bring temporal as well as spiritual salvation, was general to all the nation. Their antient sages had united the military with the prophetic character; some had headed their armies; all had gone forth with them, and even their women had contributed to the downfall of their enemies and oppressors: They had been delivered from their Egyptian and Babylonish thralldom by the arm of God; the yoke of Rome laid no less heavy on their necks; and they regarded

garded their former deliverances as types and forerunners of the greater deliverance to come, when the Son of God should descend upon earth in the plenitude of his power to rid them from their enemies and oppressors.

In place of this glittering but delusive vision they beheld a meek and humble man, a teacher of peaceful doctrines, who went about preaching forgiveness of injuries and submission to authorities. They asked him (and the question was a proving one) whether he would have them render tribute unto Cæsar: He told them in reply they should render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, tribute to whom tribute was due: Mortifying reply! extinguishing at once their hopes and their ambition. Still there was something about him that converted many and staggered all; never man spoke as he spoke, never man did what he did; he had evident power of working miracles; the hand of God was with him and the operations of nature were under his controul: His power was great, but was not great to their purposes, and therefore they denied that it was derived from God; they

they charged him with being a magician, and casting out devils by the aid of the prince of the devils. A likely intercourse between the representatives of light and of darkness ; a notable collusion between heaven and hell ; if Beelzebub was to be charged with conspiring to cast out Beelzebub, it was at least incumbent on the abettors of the charge to prove that any being, endowed with such power, could be so devoid of intelligence.

Conviction and rebuke only rendered them more furious and inveterate ; despairing at length of employing his power against Rome, they resolved upon turning the power of Rome against him : They impeached him before Pilate the Roman procurator : Pilate unwillingly at their urgent requisition sentenced him to ignominious execution ; disavowing in the strongest terms his share in the act, and by the figurative exculpation of washing his hands in public view, purifying, (as far as such a ceremony could purify) his tribunal from the guilt of spilling innocent blood.

Can it be a wonder with us at this hour that the Jews should persist in avowing their
unbelief

unbelief in the Messias? If they admit the evidences of the Christian religion, do they not become their own accusers? And this, although it be no reason why a man should shut his eyes against the truth, will yet be a motive, allowing for the imperfection of human nature, why he should not seek for it.

No. XXXIX.

I SLIGHTLY hinted in my former paper that the Jew of Venice would not turn out to be the proper offspring of Shakespear, and as the researches of his commentators have settled this point so clearly against the legitimacy of Shylock, I may leave it with the reader's judgment to decide, whether he formed his drama immediately from the *Pecorone* of *Fiorentina*, borrowing the incident of the caskets from Boccace; or at second hand, as some suppose, from an old ballad formed upon that story.

But I had a further object in the hint I

then dropt, suggested to me by the perusal of a very curious old novel written by *Thomas Nashe*, and published in 1594, intituled *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton*. The hero is described to be one of the court-pages belonging to Henry the Eighth, and is made to play a number of roguish pranks in the camp of that monarch before Tournay. He travels to Munster in Germany, where he falls in with John of Leyden the famous fanatic, and is present at his defeat by the Imperialists; here he meets Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and accompanies him to Venice, passing through Wittenberg, where he has an interview with Luther and Carlostadius; from thence he repairs to Rome, where he relates a series of strange adventures, by which he is thrown into the hands of a Jew named Zadock, physician to Pope Clement VIII. and having forfeited his life to him by the law, the Jew gets the person of Jack Wilton in limbo with an intent to anatomize him, and whilst he is dieting and bleeding him for that purpose, the Marchioness of Mantua, the Pope's mistress, spies him out from her balcony, and being smitten with his

his appearance, contrives to get him out of Zadock's hands, by persuading his holiness to banish all the Jews from Rome and confiscate their effects, upon a charge she sets up against them.

With this intelligence Zadock is accosted by a brother Jew called Zachary, "who comes running to him in sackcloth and ashes, presently after his goods were confiscated, and tells him how he is served and what decree is coming out against them all."

I have made an extract of this interview between Zadock and Zachary, which the reader will observe by the date was published before Shakespear wrote his Merchant of Venice, and as the critics seem agreed that he was conversant in other works of Nashe, it is highly probable that this history of *Jacke Wilton* had also been in his hands: I do not mean to infer that Shakespear took his character of Shylock from this of Nashe's Zadock, for there is nothing that can warrant such an inference; but I shall submit the following dialogue as an extraordinary specimen of strong empassioned writing, which though it will not stand
by

by Shakespear's scene between Shylock and Tubal in dramatic terseness, has nevertheless a force of expression, that will bear a comparison with that or any other passage in our old dramatic writers.

Zachary having made his report as above, the author thus proceeds to the introduction of his chief speaker—" Descriptions
" stand by! here is to be expressed the fury
" of Lucifer, when he was turned over
" heaven's bar for a wrangler: There is a
" toad-fish, which taken out of the water
" swells more than one would think his skin
" could hold, and bursts in his face that
" touches him; so swelled Zadock, and was
" ready to burst out of his skin, and shoot his
" bowels like chain shot full in Zachary's
" face, for bringing him such baleful tid-
" ings; his eyes glared and burned like
" brimstone and aqua vitæ set on fire in an
" egg-shell; his very nose lightened glow-
" worms; his teeth cracked and grated to-
" gether like the joints of a high building
" rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest
" takes her full butt against her broadside:
" He swore and curst, and said—

" These

“ These be they that worship that cruci-
“ fied God of Nazareth ; here is the fruits
“ of their new-found gospel ; sulphur and
“ gunpowder carry them all quick to Ge-
“ hennah ! I would spend my soul willingly
“ to have this tripleheaded Pope, with all his
“ sin-absolved whores, and oil-greased priests,
“ born like a black saint on the devil’s backes
“ in procession to the pit of perdition.
“ Would I might sink presently into the
“ earth, so I might blow up this Rome,
“ this whore of Babylon into the air
“ with my breath ! If I must be banished,
“ if these heathen dogs will needs rob me
“ of my goods, I will poison their springs
“ and conduit-heads, whence they receive
“ their water all about the city. I will
“ ’tice all the young children into my house,
“ that I can get, and cutting their throats,
“ barrel them up in powdering beef tubs,
“ and so send them to victual the Pope’s
“ gallies. Ere the officers come to extend,
“ I will bestow an hundred pounds on a
“ dole of bread, which I will cause to be
“ kneaded with scorpion’s oil, that may kill
“ more than the plague. I will hire them
“ that make their wafers, or sacramentary
“ Gods,

“ Gods, to mix them after the same sort,
“ so in the zeal of their superstitious reli-
“ gion shall they languish and drop like
“ carrion. If there be ever a blasphemous
“ conjurer, that can call the winds from
“ their brazen caves, and make the clouds
“ travel before their time, I will give him
“ the other hundred pounds to disturb the
“ heavens a whole week together with thun-
“ der and lightning, if it be for nothing but
“ to sower all the wines in Rome, and turn
“ them to vinegar : As long as they have
“ either oil or wine, this plague feeds but
“ pinchingly upon them.’

“ Zadock, Zadock,’ said Zachary, cutting
“ him off, ‘ thou threatenest the air, whilst
“ we perish here on earth : It is the coun-
“ tress Juliana, the Marquis of Mantua’s
“ wife, and no other, that hath plotted
“ our confusion ; ask not how, but insist on
“ my words, and assist in revenge.’

“ Ashow, as how ?’ said Zadock, shrugging
“ and shrubbing ; ‘ More happy than the
“ patriarchs were I, if crush’d to death with
“ the greatest torments Rome’s tyrants have
“ tried, there might be quintessenced out of
“ me

me one quart of precious poison. I have a leg with an issue, shall I cut it off, and from this fount of corruption extract a venom worse than any serpent's? If thou wilt, I will go to a house that is infected, where catching the plague, and having got a running sore upon me, I will come and deliver her a supplication, and breathe upon her, when I am perfected with more putrefaction."

Zadock in conclusion is taken up and executed, and the description of his tortures is terrible in the extreme; every circumstance attending them is minutely delineated in colours full as strong as the above.

I persuade myself the reader will not be displeased, if I lay before him one extract more, in which he ridicules the affected dress and manners of the travelled gentlemen of his day: If we contemplate it as a painting of two hundred years standing, I think it must be allowed to be a very curious sketch.

"What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in friendship, perfect slovenry, and to love no man but for my pleasure? I have known

“ some that have continued there by the
“ space of half a dozen years, and when
“ they come home, they have hid a little
“ weerish lean face under a broad French
“ hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in
“ the street in their long cloaks of grey pa-
“ per, and spoken English strangely. Nought
“ else have they profited by their travel, but
“ to distinguish the true Bourdeaux grape,
“ and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine
“ from wine of Orleans ; yea and peradven-
“ ture this also, to esteem of the p—x as a
“ pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their
“ face, and walk melancholy with their arms
“ folded.

“ From Spain what bringeth our travel-
“ ler ? A scull-crowned hat of the fashion
“ of an old deep porringer ; a diminutive al-
“ derman’s ruff with short strings, like the
“ droppings of a man’s nose ; a close-bellied
“ doublet coming down with a peake behind
“ as far as the crupper, and cut off before
“ by the breast-bone like a partlet or necker-
“ cher ; a wide pair of gascoynes, which
“ ungathered would make a couple of wo-
“ men’s riding-kirtles ; huge hangers, that
“ have half a cow-hide in them ; a ra-
“ pier

“ pier that is lineally descended from half a
“ dozen dukes at the least : Let his cloak be
“ as long or as short as you will ; if long, it is
“ faced with Turkey grogeran ravelled ; if
“ short, it hath a cape like a calf’s tongue,
“ and is not so deep in his whole length,
“ nor so much cloth in it I will justify as
“ only the standing cape of a Dutchman’s
“ cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he
“ hath in either shoe as much taffaty for his
“ tyings, as would serve for an ancient ;
“ which serveth him (if you would have the
“ mystery of it) of the own accord for a
“ shoe-rag. If you talk with him, he makes
“ a dishcloth of his own country in compa-
“ rison of Spain ; but if you urge him par-
“ ticularly wherein it exceeds, he can give
“ no instance, but in Spain they have better
“ bread than any we have ; when (poor hun-
“ gry slaves !) they may crumble it into wa-
“ ter well enough and make misons with it,
“ for they have not a good morsel of meat,
“ except it be salt pilchers, to eat with it,
“ all the year long ; and, which is more,
“ they are poor beggars, and lie in foul straw
“ every night.

“ Italy, the paradise of the earth, and the
F 2 epicure’s

“epicure’s heaven, how doth it form our
“young master? It makes him to kiss his
“hand like an ape, cringe his neck like a
“starveling, and play at *Hey-pafs-repafs-*
“*come-aloft*, when he salutes a man: From
“thence he brings the art of atheism, the
“art of epicurizing, the art of whoring, the
“art of poisoning, the art of sodomitry:
“The only probable good thing they have
“to keep us from utterly condemning it, is,
“that it maketh a man an excellent courtier,
“a curious carpet-knight; which is by in-
“terpretation a fine close lecher, a glorious
“hypocrite: It is now a privy note amongst
“the better sort of men, when they would
“set a singular mark or brand on a notorious
“villain, to say he hath been in Italy.”

I hope I need not observe that these descriptions are not here quoted for the truth they contain, but for the curiosity of them. Thomas Nashe was the bitterest satirist and controversialist of the age he lived in.

No. XL.

Ἀπραγμόνως ζῆν, ἡδύ.

APOLLODORUS ADELPHIS.

*"A life from cares and business free,
Is of all lives the life for me."*

NED DROWSY came into possession of a good estate at a time of life, when the humours and habits contracted by education, or more properly by the want of it, become too much a part of the constitution to be conquered but by some extraordinary effort or event. Ned's father had too tender a concern for his health and morals to admit him of a public school, and the same objections held against an university: Not that Ned was without his pretensions to scholarship, for it is well known that he has been sometimes found asleep upon his couch with a book open in his hand, which warrants a presumption that he could read, though I have not met any body yet, who has detected him in the act itself. The literature of the nursery he held in general

contempt, and had no more passion for the feats of *Jack the Giant-killer*, when he was a child, than he had for the labours of Hercules in his more adult years: I can witness to the detestation, in which he held the popular allegory of *the Pilgrim's Progress*, and when he had been told of the many editions that book has run through, he has never failed to reply, that there is no accounting for the bad taste of the vulgar: At the same time, I speak it to his honor, I have frequently known him express a tender fellow-feeling for *the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, and betray more partiality, than he was apt to be guilty of, to the edifying story of *the Seven Dreamers*, whom I verily believe he held in more respect than the Seven Wonders of the World.

Rural sports were too boisterous for Ned's spirits; neither hares nor partridges could lay their deaths at his door, so that all his country neighbours gave him their good word, and poached his manors without mercy: There was a canal in front of his house, where he would sometimes take up with the placid amusement of angling from an alcove by the side of it, with a servant in attendance

attendance for the purpose of baiting his hook, or calling upon him to pull, if by chance he was surprized with a bite; happily for his repose this very rarely was the case, though a tradition runs in the family of his having once snapped an officious perch of extraordinary size.

There was a learned practitioner in the law, one *Mr. Driver*, who had a house in his parish, and him Ned appointed manager of his estate; this worthy gentleman was so considerate as seldom if ever to give him any trouble about his accounts, well knowing his aversion from items and particulars, and the little turn he had to the drudgery of arithmetic and calculations. By the kind offices of *Mr. Driver*, Ned was relieved from an infinite deal of disagreeable business, and *Mr. Driver* himself suddenly became a man of considerable property, and began to take a lead in the county. Ned, together with his estate, had succeeded to a Chancery suit, which was pending at the death of the late possessor: This suit was for a time carried on so prosperously by *Mr. Driver*, that nothing more seemed requisite to bring it to a favourable issue, than for Ned to make his

appearance in Court for some purposes I am not able to explain: This was an undertaking so insurmountable, that he could never be prevailed upon to set about it, and the suit was deserted accordingly. This suit and the circumstance of a copper mine on his estate, which his agent never could engage him to work, were the only things that ever disturbed his tranquillity, and upon these topics he was rather sore, till Mr. Driver found it convenient to give up both points, and Ned heard no more of his Chancery suit or his copper mine.

These few traits of my friend's character will suffice to make my readers acquainted with him before I relate the particulars of a visit I paid him about three months ago. It was in compliance with the following letter, which I was favoured with from Mr. Driver.

“ Sir,

“ These are to inform you that Mr. Drowsy desires the favour of your company at Poppy-Hall, which he has ordered me to notify to you, not doubting but you will take it in good part, as you well
“ know

“ know how his humour stands towards writing. He bids me say that he has something of consequence to consult you upon, of which more when we meet : Wishing you health and a safe journey, I remain in all reasonable service,

“ Your’s to command,

“ DANIEL DRIVER.”

In consequence of this summons I set off for Poppy-Hall, and arrived there early in the evening of the second day. I found my friend Drowsy in company with my correspondent the attorney, the reverend Mr. Beetle curate of the parish, and two gentlemen, strangers to me, who, as I understood from Mr. Driver, were Mr. Sparkle senior, an eminent auctioneer in London, and Billy Sparkle his son, a city beau. My friend was in his easy chair turned towards the fire ; the rest were sitting round the table at some distance, and engaged, as I soon discovered, in a very interesting conversation upon beauty, which my entrance for a while put a stop to. This intermission however lasted no longer than whilst Mr. Drowsy paid his compliments to me, which he performed in few

F 5

words,

words, asking me however if I came on horseback, which having answered in the affirmative, he sententiously observed, that he never rode. And now the elder Mr. Sparkle resumed the conversation in the following manner—What I was going to observe to you, when this gentleman came in, upon the article of beauty, is peremptorily and precisely this: Beauty, gentlemen, is in the eye, I aver it to be in the eye of the beholder and not in the object itself; my beauty for instance is not your beauty, your's is not mine; it depends upon fancy and taste, fancy and taste are nothing but caprice: A collection of fine women is like a collection of fine pictures; put them up to auction, and bidders will be found for every lot.—But all bidders, cries the attorney, are not *bond fide* buyers; I believe you find many an article in your sales sent back upon the owner's hands, and so it is with beauty; all, that is bidden for, is not bought in.—Here the curate interposed, and turning to his lay-brother of the pulpit, reminded him that beauty was like a flower of the field; here to-day, and gone to-morrow; whereas virtue was a hardy plant and defied the scythe

scythe of time ; virtue was an ever-green, and would bloom in the winter of life ; virtue would flourish, when beauty was no more.—I believe it seldom makes any considerable shoot till that is the case, cried Billy Sparkle, and followed up his repartee with a laugh, in which he was himself the only performer.—It is high time now, says the attorney, directing his discourse to me, to make you acquainted with the business we are upon, and how we came to fall upon this topic of beauty. Your friend Mr. Drowsy does not like the trouble of talking, and therefore with his leave I shall open the case to you, as I know he wishes to take your opinion upon it—Here the attorney seeming to pause for his cue, Drowsy nodded his head and bade him go on. We are in consultation, rejoined he, upon a matter of no less moment than the choice of a wife for the gentleman in that easy chair.—And if he is easy in it, demanded I, what need he wish for more?—Alackaday ! he has no heir, and till that event takes place, he is only tenant for life subject to impeachment of waste ; he cannot be called master of his own estate ; only think of that, Sir. That

was for him to do, I replied ; how does Mr. Drowfy himself think of it ? I don't think much about it, answered Ned. And how stands your mind towards matrimony ?—No answer.—There's trouble in it, added I. There is so, replied he with a sigh ; but Driver says I want an heir. There's trouble in that too, quoth I ; have you any particular lady in your eye ? That is the very point we are now upon, cried Mr. Sparkle senior ; there are three lots up for Mr. Drowfy or his friends to chuse from, and I only wait his signal for knocking down the lot that he likes best. This I could not perfectly understand, in the terms of art which Mr. Sparkle made use of, and therefore desired he would exprefs himself in plain language. My father means to say, cries Billy, there are three girls want husbands, and but one man that wishes to be married. Hold your tongue, puppy, said old Sparkle, and proceeded. You shall know, Sir, that to accommodate Mr. Drowfy in the article of a wife, and save him the trouble of looking out for himself, we some time ago put an advertisement in the papers ; I believe I have

have a copy of it about me: Aye, here it is!

“ W A N T E D

“ A young, healthy, unmarried woman,
 “ of a discreet character, as wife to a gentle-
 “ man of fortune, who loves his ease and does
 “ not care to take upon himself the trouble
 “ of courtship: she must be of a placid do-
 “ mestic turn, and not one that likes to hear
 “ herself talk. Any qualified person, whom
 “ this may suit, by applying to Mr. Sparkle,
 “ auctioneer, may be informed of particu-
 “ lars. A short trial will be expected.

“ N. B. Maids of Honor need not apply,
 “ as none such will be treated with.”

I told Mr. Sparkle I thought his advertisement a very good one, and properly guarded, and I wished to know the result of it: He said that very many applicants had presented themselves, but for want of full credentials he had dismissed all but three, whom I will again describe, added he, not only for your information, but in hopes Mr. Drowsy will give some attention to the catalogue, which I am sorry to say has not yet been the case.

He

He then drew a paper of minutes from his pocket-book and read as follows—

“ Katherine Cumming, spinster, aged, twenty-five, lodges at Gravesend in the house of Mr. Duffer, a reputable shop-feller of that place, can have an undeniable character from two gentlemen of credit, now absent, but soon expected in the next arrivals from China : Her fortune, which she ingenuously owns is not capital, is for the present invested in certain commodities, which she has put into the hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and for which she expects profitable returns on their arrival. This young lady appeared with a florid blooming complexion, fine long ringlets of dark hair in the fashionable dishevel, eyes uncommonly sparkling, is tall of stature, straight and in good case. She wore a locket of plaited hair slung in a gold chain round her neck, and was remarkably neat and elegant about the feet and ankles : Is impatient for a speedy answer, as she has thoughts of going out in the next ships to India,”

Let her go ! cried Ned, I'll have nothing
to

to say to Kitty Cumming.—I'll bet a wager he is one of us, exclaimed the city beau, for which his father gave him a look of rebuke, and proceeded to the next.

“ Agnes de Crapeau, daughter of a French protestant clergyman in the Isle of Jersey, a comely young woman, but of a pensive air and downcast look ; lived as a dependant upon a certain rich trader's wife, with whom her situation was very unpleasant ; flattered herself she was well practised in submission and obedience, should conform to any humours which the advertiser might have, and should he do her the honor to accept her as his wife, she would do *her possible* to please him with all humble duty, gratitude, and devotion.”

Ned Drowsy now turned himself in his chair, and with a sigh whispered me in the ear, Poor thing ! I pity her, but she won't do : Go on to the last.

The lady I am next to describe, said Sparkle, is one of whom I can only speak by report, for as yet I have not set eyes on her person, nor is she acquainted with a syllable of these proceedings, being represented to me as
a young

a young woman, whose delicacy would not submit to be the candidate of an advertisement. The account I have had of her is from a friend, who, though a man of a particular way of thinking, is a very honest honourable person, and one whose word will pass for thousands: He called at my office one day, when this advertisement was lying on my desk, and casting his eye upon the paper asked me, if that silly jest was of my inventing; I assured him it was no jest, but a serious advertisement; that the party was a man of property and honor, a gentleman by birth and principle, and one every way qualified to make the married state happy. Hath he lost his understanding, said my friend, that he takes this method of convening all the prostitutes about the town, or doth he consult his ease so much, as not trouble himself whether his wife be a modest woman or not? Humph! cried Ned, what signifies what he said? go on with your story. To make short of it then, resumed Sparkle, my friend grew serious upon the matter, and after a considering time addressed himself to me as follows: If I were satisfied your principal is a
man,

man, as you describe him, qualified by temper and disposition to make an amiable and virtuous girl happy, I would say something to you on the subject; but as he chuses to be concealed, and as I cannot think of blindly sacrificing my fair charge to any man, whom she does not know and approve, there is an end of the matter. And why so? exclaimed Ned with more energy than I had ever observed in him; I should be glad to see the gentleman and lady both; I should be glad to see them.

At this instant a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of a stranger, who wished to speak with the elder Mr. Sparkle.

No. XLI.

My friend Ned Drowfy is a man, who hath indeed neglected nature's gifts, but not abused them; he is as void of vice, as he is of industry, his temper is serene, and his manners harmless and inoffensive; he is avaricious of nothing but of his ease, and certainly

certainly possesses benevolence, though too indolent to put it into action : He is as sparing of his teeth as he is of his tongue, and whether it be that he is naturally temperate, or that eating and drinking are too troublesome, so it is that he is very abstemious in both particulars, and having received the blessings of a good constitution and a comely person from the hand of Providence, he has not squandered his talent, though he has not put it out to use.

Accordingly when I perceived him interested in the manner I have related upon Mr. Sparkle's discourse, and heard him give orders to his servant to shew the gentleman into the room, which he did in a quicker and more spirited tone than is usual with him, I began to think that nature was about to struggle for her privileges, and suspecting that this stranger might perhaps have some connection with Sparkle's *incognita*, I grew impatient for his appearance.

After a while the servant returned, and introduced a little swarthy old man with short grey hair and whimsically dressed; having on a dark brown coat with a tarnished gold

gold edging, black figured velvet waistcoat, and breeches of scarlet cloth with long gold knee-bands, dangling down a pair of black silk stockings, which cloathed two legs not exactly cast in the mould of the Belvedere Apollo. He made two or three low reverences as he advanced, so that before Mr. Sparkle could announce him by name, I had set him down for an Israelite, all the world to nothing; but as soon as I heard the words, *Gentlemen, this is my worthy friend Mr. Abraham Abrahams!* I recognized the person of my correspondent, whose humble and ingenuous letter I thought fit to publish in No. XXXVII. of this volume, and whom I had once before had a glimpse of, as he walked past my bookseller's door in Cornhill, and was pointed out to me from the shop.

Mr. Abrahams, not being a person to whom nature had affixed her passport, saying, *Let this man have free ingress and egress upon my authority,* made his first approaches with all those civil assiduities, which some people are constrained to practise, who must turn prejudice out of company, before they can sit down in it. In the present case I flatter myself

myself he fared somewhat better for the whisper I gave my friend Ned in his favor, and silence after a short time having taken place in such a manner as seemed to indicate an expectation in the company, that he was the person who was now to break it, he began, not without some hesitation, to deliver himself in these words :

Before I take the liberty of addressing the gentleman of the house, I wish to know from my friend Mr. Sparkle, whether he has opened any hint of what has passed between him and me relative to a certain advertisement ; and if he has, I should next be glad to know, whether I have permission of the party concerned to go into the business.

Yes, Sir, cried Ned somewhat eagerly, Mr. Sparkle has told me all that passed, and you have not only my free leave, but my earnest desire to say every thing you think fit before these friends. Then, Sir, said Abrahams, I shall tell you a plain tale without varying a single tittle from the truth.

As I was coming home from my club pretty late in the evening about five months ago, in turning the corner of a narrow alley, a young woman came hastily out of the door

door of a house, and, seizing hold of my hand, eagerly besought me for the love of God to follow her. I was startled, and knew not what to think of such a greeting; I could discern that she was young and beautiful, and I was no adventurer in affairs of gallantry; she seemed indeed to be exceedingly agitated and almost beside herself, but I knew the profligate of that sex can sometimes feign distress for very wicked purposes, and therefore desired to be excused from going into any house with her; if she would however advance a few paces I would hear what she had to say, and so it was nothing but my charity she solicited, I was ready to relieve her: We turned the corner of the alley together, and being now in one of the principal streets of the city, I thought I might safely stop and hear the petition she had to make. As we stood together under the eaves of a shop, the night being rainy, she told me that the reason she besought me to go into the house with her was in hopes the spectacle of distress, which would there present itself to my sight, might, if there was any pity in my heart, call it forth, and prevail with me to stop a deed

deed of cruelty, which was then in execution, by saving a wretched object from being thrust into the streets in a dying condition for a small debt to her landlord, whom no entreaties could pacify. Blessed God ! I exclaimed, can there be such human monsters ? who is the woman ? My mother, replied she, and burst into an agony of tears ; if I would be what I may have appeared to you, but what I never can be even to save the life of my parent, I had not been driven to this extremity, for it is resentment, which actuates the brutal wretch no less than cruelty. Though I confess myself not insensible to fear, being as you see no athletic, I felt such indignation rise within me at these words, that I did not hesitate for another moment about accompanying this unhappy girl to her house, not doubting the truth of what she had been telling me, as well from the manner of her relating it, as from my observation of her countenance, which the light of the lamp under which we were standing, discovered to be of a most affecting, modest, and even dignified character—

Sir,

Sir, I honor you for your benevolence, cried Ned; pray proceed with your story.

She led me up two pair of stairs into a back apartment, where a woman was in bed, pleading for mercy to a surly-looking fellow, who was calling out to her to get up and be gone out of his house. I have found a fellow-creature, said my conductress, whose pity will redeem us from the clutches of one, who has none; be comforted, my dear mother, for this gentleman has some Christian charity in his heart. I don't know what charity may be in his heart, cried the fellow, but he has so little of the Christian in his countenance, that I'll bet ten to one he is a Jew. Be that as it may, said I, a Jew may have feeling, and therefore say what these poor women are indebted to you, and I will pay down the money, if my pocket can reach it; if not, I believe my name, though it be a Jew's name, will be good for the sum, let it be what it will. May God reward you, cried the mother, our debt is not great, though it is more than we have present means to pay; we owe but six and twenty shillings to our hardened creditor; I believe I am right, Constantia, (turning to her

her daughter) but you know what it is correctly. That is the amount of it, replied the lovely Constantia, for such she now appeared to me, as she was in the act of supporting her mother on the bolster with her arm under her neck. Take your money, man, quoth I, receive what is your own, and let these helpless creatures lodge in peace one night beneath your roof; to-morrow I will remove them, if this infirm woman shall be able to endure it. I hope my house is my own, answered the savage, and I don't desire to be troubled with them one night longer, no, nor even one hour.

Is this possible? exclaimed Ned; are there such distresses in the world? what then have I been doing all this while? Having so said, he sprung nimbly out of his easy chair, took a hasty stride or two across the room, rubbing his forehead as he walked, threw himself into an empty chair, which stood next to that in which Mr. Abrahams was sitting, and begged him once more to proceed with his narrative.

With the help of my apothecary, who lived in the very house, at the door of which I had conversed with Constantia, I removed
the

the invalid and her daughter that very evening in a hackney coach to my own house, which was not far distant; and by the same medical assistance and my wife's care, who is an excellent nurse, I had the satisfaction to see the poor woman regain her health and strength very speedily, for in fact her weakness had been more the effect of misery and want of diet, than any real disease: As for Constantia, her looks kept pace with her mother's recovery, and I must say without flattery, she is altogether the finest creature I ever looked upon.

The mother of Constantia is still a very comely woman, and not above forty years old; she has a father living, who is a man of great opulence, but he has conceived such irreconcilable displeasure at her marrying, that he has never since that event taken the least notice either of her or of his grandchild. Then he is an unnatural monster, cried Ned, and will be sent to the devil for his barbarity.

Mr. Abrahams proceeded as follows; she is the widow of a Captain Goodison, of whose unhappy story I have at different times collected only a few particulars, but

from these I can understand that she went with him to America, and took her daughter with her; that he had a company of foot, and little else to maintain himself and family upon but his pay; that he served there in most of the campaigns with the reputation of a gallant officer, but that the spirit of gaming having been suffered to infect the English army in their winter quarters at New-York, this wretched man, the father and the husband of these helpless women, became a prey to that infernal passion, and being driven to sell his commission to pay his losses at play, put an end to his miserable existence by a bullet.

Here Abrahams paused, whilst Ned gave vent to a groan, in which I can answer for his being seconded by one more heart at least then in company, from which the recollection of that fatal period never fails to extort a pang.

The series of sufferings, which the unhappy widow and her child endured, (continued Abrahams) from this tragical period, were such as I must leave you to imagine, for I neither wished to be informed of them, nor could she expatiate upon them. It

may

may however be proper to inform Mr. Drowfy, that I am convinced there is no room for hope that any future impressi^on can be made upon the unforgiving nature of Constantia's grandfather, and it would be unjust in me to represent her as any other than what she is, destitute of fortune even in expectancy. And what is she the worse for that? cried Ned; amongst the articles I stipulate for in the advertisement, which Mr. Sparkle has been reading, I believe you will not find that money is put down for one. Upon this Mr. Abrahams made a proper compliment to my friend, and addressing himself to the company began to apologize for having taken up so much of our attention by his long discourse; this naturally produced a return of acknowledgments on our parts, with many and just commendations of his benevolence. The honest man's features brightened with joy upon receiving this welcome testimony, which he so well deserved, and I remarked with pleasure that our reverend friend, the curate, now began to regard Abrahams with an eye of complacency, and having set himself in order, like one who was about to harangue his au-

dience with a prepared oration, he turned a gracious countenance upon the humble adversary of his faith, and delivered himself as follows—

Charity, Mr. Abrahams, is by our church esteemed the first of Christian virtues, and as we are commanded to pray even for our enemies, in obedience to that blessed mandate I devoutly pray that in your instance it may avail to cover and blot out the multitude of sins. Your reaching forth the hand of mercy to these poor Christians in their pitiable distress, proves you to be a man superior to those shameful prejudices, which make a false plea of religion for shutting up the heart against all, but those of its own faith and persuasion. I have listened to your narrative with attention, and it is but justice to you to confess, that your forbearing to retort upon the scurrilous fellow in the lodging-house, who insulted you on the score of your national physiognomy, is a circumstance very highly to your credit, and what would have done honor to any one of the professors of that religion, which teaches us, when we are reviled, to revile not again. I also remarked the modest manner of your speaking,

speaking, when you unavoidably reported of your own good deeds; you sounded no trumpet before you, and thereby convinced me you are not of that pharisaical leaven, which seeketh the praise of men; and let me tell you, Sir, it is the very test of true charity, that it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Humility, Mr. Abrahams, in a peculiar degree is expected of you, as of one of the children of wrath, scattered over the face of the earth without an abiding place, which you may call your own: Charity also is in you a duty of more than ordinary obligation, for you and your's subsist no otherwise than on the charity of the nations, who give you shelter: The alms of others may be termed a free gift of love, but your alms are in fact a legal tribute for protection. To conclude—I exhort you to take in good part what I have now been saying; you are the first of your nation I ever communed with, and if hereafter in the execution of my duty I am led to speak with rigour of your stiff-necked generation, I shall make a mental exception in your favour, and recommend you in my prayers for all Jews, Turks, infidels

and heretics, by a separate ejaculation in your behalf.

Whether Abrahams in his heart thanked the honest curate for his zeal is hard to say, but there was nothing to be observed in his countenance, which bespoke any other emotions than those of benevolence and good-nature. My friend Drowsy was not quite so placid at certain periods of the discourse, and when he found that the humble Israelite made no other return, but by a civil inclination of the head to the speaker at the conclusion of the harangue, he said to Abrahams in a qualifying tone of voice, Mr. Beetle, Sir, means well; to which the other instantly replied, that he did not doubt it, and then with a design, as it should seem, to turn the discourse, informed Ned, that he had taken the liberty of going in person to the father of Mrs. Goodison, in hopes he would have allowed him to speak of the situation, in which he had found his daughter and her child; but alas! added he, I had no sooner began to open the business upon which I came, than he instantly stopt my mouth by demanding, if I came into his house to affront him? that he was astonished at my
assurance

assurance for daring to name his daughter in his hearing, and in the same breath in a very haughty tone cried out, Harkye, Sir ! are not you a Jew ? to which I had no sooner replied in the affirmative, than ringing his bell very violently, he called out to his footman, to put that Jew out of his doors.

Here Abrahams paused ; Ned started up from his chair, drank a glass of wine, shook the Jew by the hand, flounced down upon his seat again, whistled part of a tune, and turning to me said in a half-whisper, What a world is this we live in !

No. XLII.

AFTER the conversation related in the preceding chapter, Drowsy and his guests passed a social evening, and honest Abrahams was prevailed upon to take a bed at Poppy Hall. The next morning early, as I was walking in the garden, I was much surprised to find Ned there before me—I dare say you wonder, said he, what could provoke my laziness to quit my pil-

low thus early, but I am resolved to shake off a slothful habit, which till our discourse last night I never considered as criminal. I have been thinking over all that Mr. Abrahams told us about the distressed widow and her daughter, and I must own to you I have a longing desire to obtain a sight of this Constantia, whom he describes to be so charming in mind and person. Now I don't know with what face I can invite her hither; besides I consider, though I might prevail upon Mr. Abrahams to bring her, yet I should be confoundedly hampered how to get handsomely off, if upon acquaintance it did not suit me to propose for her.

You judge rightly, said I, your dilemma would be embarrassing.

Well then, quoth he, there is no alternative but for me to go to her, and though I am aware of the trouble it will give me to take a journey to London, where I have never been, and shall probably make a very awkward figure, yet if you will encourage me so far as to say you will take a corner in my coach thither, and Mr. Abrahams does not object
to

to the scheme, I will even pluck up a good courage and set out to-morrow.

Be it so! answered I, if Mr. Abrahams approves of it, I have no objection to the party.

On the morrow we set off; Abrahams and myself with Ned and his old servant in his coach for London, and in the evening of the second day our post-boys delivered us safe at Blossom's Inn in Lawrence-lane.. Abrahams procured us lodgings at the house of his apothecary in the Poultry, where he first sheltered Mrs. Goodison and Constantia; and having settled this affair the good man hastened home to present himself to his family, and prepare for our supping at his house that night.

My friend Ned had been in a broad stare of amazement ever since his entry into London; he seemed anxious to know what all the people were about, and why they posted up and down in such a hurry; he frequently asked me when they would go home and be quiet; for his own part he doubted if he should get a wink of sleep till he was fairly out of this noisy town.

As he was feasting his curiosity from the

window of our lodgings, the Lord Mayor passed by in his state coach towards the Mansion House—God bless his Majesty! cried Ned, he is a portly man. He was rather disappointed when I set him right in his mistake; but nevertheless the spectacle pleased him, and he commented very gravely upon the commodious size of the coach and the slow pace of the procession, which he said shewed the good sense and discretion of the city magistrate, and observing him to be a very corpulent man, added with an air of some consequence, that he would venture to pronounce my Lord Mayor of London was a wise man and consulted his own ease.

We now were to set ourselves in order for our visit to honest Abrahams, and Ned began to shew some anxiety about certain articles of his dress and appearance, which did not exactly tally with the spruce air of the city sparks, whom he had reconnoitred in the streets: the whole was confessedly of the rustic order, but I encouraged him to put his trust in broad-cloth and country bloom, and seriously exhorted him not to trust his head to the sheers of a
London

London hair-dresser. I now ordered a coach to be called, which was no sooner announced than Ned observed it was speedily got ready; but they do every thing in a hurry in this place, added he, and I wish to my heart the fat gentleman in the fine coach may order all the people to bed before our return, that I may stand some chance of getting a little rest and quiet amongst them.

We now stepped into our hack, but not without a caution from Ned to the coachman to drive gently over the stones, which, to give him his due, he faithfully performed. We were received at the door of our friendly Israelite with a smiling welcome, and conducted by him up stairs to a plain but neat apartment, in which was the mistress of the house, an elderly decent matron, who presented us to Mrs. Goodison, the mother of Constantia, in whose countenance, though pale and overcast with melancholy, beauty and modest dignity still kept their native post.

Honest Ned made his first approaches with a bow, which Vestris perhaps could have mended, though it was of nature's

workmanship ; and this he stoutly followed up with a kiss to each lady, after the custom of the country, that loudly spoke it's own good report.

Whilst these ancient and exploded ceremonies were in operation, the door opened, and presented to our eyes—a wonder ! It was a combination of grace and beauty to have extorted raptures from old age itself ; it was a form of modesty to have awed the passions of licentious youth ; it was in one word, Constantia herself, and till our reigning beauties shall to equal charms add equal humility, and present themselves like her to the beholder's eye without one conscious glance of exultation at their triumphs, she must remain no otherwise described than as that name bespeaks the unrivalled model of her sex.

As for my friend Ned, who had acquitted himself so dexterously with the elder ladies, his lips had done their office ; neither voice nor motion remained with them, and astonishment would not even suffer them to close—

Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.

And

And what after all were the mighty instruments, by which these effects were produced? Hearken, *O Tavistock-street*, and believe it if you can! The simplest dress, which modesty could clothe itself with, was all the armour which this conqueror had put on; a plain white cotton vest with a close head-dress, (such as your very windows would have blushed to have exhibited) filleted with a black silk ribband, were all the aids that Nature borrowed to attire her matchless piece of work.

Thus she stood before us and there she might have stood for us till now, if the compassionate Israelite had not again stepped in to her rescue: He led her to a chair, and, taking his seat, set the conversation afloat by telling her of his visit to the worthy gentleman then present (as his body indeed might witness, but for his senses they were elsewhere) spoke handsomely of his kind reception, of the natural beauties of the place and the country about it, and concluded with saying he had now the honor to introduce the owner of that hospitable mansion to her acquaintance, and he flattered
3 himself

himself he could not do a more acceptable office to both parties.

The answer, which Constantia made to this elaborate harangue, would in vain be sought for in the *academy of compliments*, for it consisted simply in the eloquence of two expressive eyes, which she directed upon the speechless trunk of poor Ned, somewhere as I should guess about the region of his heart, for I am persuaded her emissaries never stopped till they made their way to the citadel and had audience there.

Ned now began to stammer out a few sentences, by which, if Constantia did not understand more than was expressed, she could not be much the wiser for the information he gave her; he was glad and sorry twice or thrice in a breath, and not always in the right place; he hoped and believed and presumed to say—just nothing at all; when in a moment the word Supper! announced through the nose of a snuffling Hebrew servant, came, as if it had been conjured up by the wand of an enchanter, to deliver him out of his distress: The manna in the wilderness was hardly more welcome to the
famished

famished Jews, than were now the bloodless viands, that awaited us on the friendly board of Abrahams, to the ears I should have said rather than to the appetite of Drowfy.

Love I know can do more in the way of metamorphosis, than Ovid ever heard of; and to say the truth, what he had done to Ned was no trifling test of his art; for it was in fact no less a change, than if he had transformed Morpheus into Mercury: Good fellowship however can do something in the same way, and the hospitable festivity of the honest Israelite now brought Ned's heart to his lips and set it to work: Youth soon catches the social sympathy, but even age and sorrow now threw aside their gloom, and paid their subscription to the board with a good grace. Ned, whose countenance was lighted up with a genuine glow of benevolence, that had entirely dispelled that air of lassitude, which had so long disarmed an interesting set of features of their natural vivacity and spirit, now exhibited a character of as much manly beauty and even mental expression, as I had ever contemplated—

Quid non possit amor?

Madam,

Madam, says he, directing his discourse to Mrs. Goodison, it is not for the honor of human nature, that I should wholly credit what our worthy host has told me: I won't believe there are half so many hard hearts in the world as we hear of; it is not talking reason to a man that will always argue him out of his obstinacy; it is not such a fellow as myself, no, nor even so good a pleader as my friend here, (pointing to Abrahams) who can turn a tough heart to pity; but let me once come across a certain father, that shall be nameless, and let me be properly prepared to encounter him, and I'll wager all I am worth, I will bring him round in a twinkling: Only let me have the proper credentials in my hand, do you see, and I'll do it. I know whom you point at, replied Mrs. Goodison, but I don't comprehend all your meaning; what credentials do you allude to? To the most powerful, said Ned, that Nature ever set her hand to; the irresistible eyes of this young lady; might I only say—This angel is a suppliant to you, the heart that would not melt must be of marble. Constantia blushed, every body seemed delighted with the unexpected turn
of

of Ned's reply, whilst Mrs. Goodison answered, that she feared even that experiment would disappoint him ; upon which he eagerly rejoined, Then I have a resource against the worst that can befall us : There is a comfortable little mansion stands without-side of my park ; it is furnished and in compleat repair ; there is a pleasant garden to it ; Mr. Abrahams has seen it, and if you will be my tenant, you shall not find me so hard a landlord, as some you have had to deal with. As Ned spoke these words, Mrs. Goodison turned her eyes full upon him with so intelligent and scrutinizing an expression, as to cause a short stop in his speech, after which he continued—Ah, Madam, how happy you might make me ! the last inhabitant of this beloved little place was my excellent mother ; she passed two years of widowhood in it with no companion but myself ; I wish I had been more worthy of such society and more capable of improving by it ; but I was sadly cramped in my education, being kept at home by my father, who meant all for the best (God forbid I should reproach him !) and put me under the care of Parson Beetle, the curate of our parish, an honest

honest well-meaning man, but alas ! I was a dull lazy blockhead and he did not keep me to my hook. However, such as I am, I know my own deficiencies, and I hope want of honesty and sincerity is not amongst the number. Nobody can suspect it, cried Abrahams. Pardon me, replied Ned, I am afraid Mrs. Goodison is not thoroughly convinced of it ; surely, Madam, you will not suppose I could look you in the face and utter an untruth. Nobody can look in your's, Sir, answered she, and expect to hear one ; it is your unmerited generosity that stops my tongue. After all, resumed Abrahams, I am as much indebted to your generosity as any body present, for as you have never once mentioned the name of my Constantia in this proposal, I perceive you do not intend to rob me of both my comforts at the same time. 'Tis because I have not the presumption to hope, answered Ned, that I have any thing to offer, which such excellence would condescend to take : I could wish to tender her the best mansion I possess, but there is an encumbrance goes with it, which I despair of reconciling to so elegant a taste as her's.—O love, said I within

within myself, thou art a notable teacher of rhetoric ! I glanced my eye round the table ; Ned did the very reverse of what a modern fine gentleman would have done at the close of such a speech, he never once ventured to lift up his eyes, or direct a look towards the object he had addressed ; the fine countenance of Constantia assumed a hue, which I suspect our dealers in Circassian bloom have not yet been able to imitate, nor, if they could, to shift so suddenly ; for whilst my eye was passing over it, her cheek underwent a change, which courtly cheeks, who purchase blushes, are not subject to : the whole was conducted by those most genuine masters and best colourists of the human countenance, modesty and sensibility, under the direction of nature ; and though I am told the ingenious President of our Royal Academy has attempted something in art, which resembles it, yet I am hard to believe, that his carnations, however volatile, can quite keep pace with the changes of Constantia's cheek. Wise and discreet young ladies, who are taught to know the world by education and experience, have a better method of concealing their thoughts, and a better

better reason for concealing them ; in short they manage this matter with more address, and do not, like poor Constantia—

—*Wear their hearts upon their sleeve
For daws to peck at.*

When a fashionable lover assails his mistress with all that energy of action as well as utterance, which accompanies polite declarations of passion, it would be highly indiscreet in her to shew him how supremely pleased and flattered she is by his impudence ; no, she puts a proper portion of scorn into her features, and with a stern countenance tells him, she cannot stand his impertinence ; if he will not take this fair warning and desist, she may indeed be overpowered through the weakness of her sex, but nobody can say it was her bashfulness that betrayed her, or that there was any prudent hypocrisy spared in her defence.

Again, when a fashionable lady throws her fine arms round her husband's neck, and in the mournful tone of conjugal complaint sighs out—" And will my dearest leave his fond unhappy wife to bewail his absence, whilst he is following a vile
"filthy

“filthy fox over hedge and ditch at the
“peril of his neck?”—would it not be a
most unbred piece of sincerity were she to
express in her face what she feels in her
heart—a cordial wish that he may really
break his neck, and that she is very much
beholden to those odious hounds, as she
calls them, for taking him out of her sight?
Certainly such an act of folly could not be
put up with in an age and country so en-
lightened as the present; and surely, when
so many ladies of distinction are turning
actresses in public to amuse their friends, it
would be hard if they did not set apart
some rehearsals in private to accommodate
themselves.

No. XLIII.

I LEFT Constantia somewhat abruptly in
my last paper; and to say the truth ra-
ther in an awkward predicament; but as I
do not like to interrupt young ladies in their
blushes, I took occasion to call off the rea-
der's attention from her, and bestowed it
upon

upon other ladies, who are not subject to the same embarrassments.

Our party soon broke up after this event: Ned and I repaired to our apartments in the Poultry, Constantia to those slumbers, which purity inspires, temperance endears, and devotion blesses.

The next morning brought Ned to my levee; he had lain awake all night; but no noises were complained of; they were not in the fault of having deprived him of his repose.

He took up the morning paper and the playhouse advertisements caught his eye: He began to question me about *The Clandestine Marriage*, which was up for the night at Drury Lane: Was it a comedy? I told him, yes, and an admirable one: Then it ended happily, he presumed: Certainly it did; a very amiable young woman was clandestinely married to a deserving young man, and both parties at the close of the fable were reconciled to their friends and made happy in each other: And is all this represented on the stage? cried Ned:—All this with many more incidents is acted on the stage, and so acted, let me assure you,

as leaves the merit of the performers only to be exceeded by that of the poet :—This is fine indeed ! replied he ; then as sure as can be I will be there this very night, if you think they will admit a country clown like me.—There was no fear of that.—Very well then ; is not this the play of all plays for Constantia ? Oh ! that I had old furly there too ; what would I give to have her grandfather at her elbow ! He was so possessed with the idea, and built his castles in the air so nimbly, that I could not find in my heart to dash the vision by throwing any bars in it's way, though enough occurred to me, had I been disposed to employ them.

Away posted Ned—(*quantum mutatus ab illo !*) on the wings of love to Saint Mary Axe ; what rhetoric he there made use of I cannot pretend to say, but certainly he came back with a decree in his favour for Mrs. Abrahams and Constantia to accompany him to the comedy, if I would undertake to convoy the party ; for honest Abrahams, (though a dear lover of the Muse, and as much attached to stage plays, as his countryman Shylock was averse from them)

had

had an unlucky engagement elsewhere, and as for Mrs. Goodison, Ned had sagaciously discovered that she had some objection to the title of the comedy in her own particular, though she stated none against her daughter's being there.

After an early dinner with Abrahams, we repaired to the theatre, four in number, and whilst the second music was playing posted ourselves with all due precaution on the third row of one of the front boxes, where places had been kept for us; Mrs. Abrahams on my left hand against the partition of the box, and Constantia on the other hand between her admirer and me.

There is something captivating in that burst of splendor, scenery, human beauty and festivity, which a royal theatre displays to every spectator on his entrance; what then must have been the stroke on his optics, who never entered one before? Ned looked about him with surprise, and had there not been a central point of attraction, to which his eyes were necessarily impelled by laws not less irresistible than those of gravitation, there might have been no speedy
stop

stop to the eccentricity of their motions. It was not indeed one of those delightfully crowded houses, which theatrical advertisers announce so rapturously to draw succeeding audiences to the comforts of succeeding crowds, there to enjoy the peals of the loudest plaudits and most roaring bursts of laughter, bestowed upon the tricks of a harlequin or the gibberish of a buffoon; but it was a full assembly of rational beings, convened for the enjoyment of a rational entertainment, where the ears were not in danger of being insulted by ribaldry, nor the understanding libelled by the spectacle of folly.

Ned was charmed with the comedy, and soon became deeply interested for *Lovewell* and *Fanny*, on whose distressful situation he made many natural remarks to his fair neighbour, and she on her part bestowed more attention on the scene, than was strictly reconcileable to modern high-breeding. The representative of *Lord Ogleby* put him into some alarm at first, and he whispered in my ear, that he hoped the merry old gentleman was not really so ill as he seemed to be;—for I am sure, adds he, he

would be the best actor in the world, was he to recover his health, since he can make so good a stand even at death's door. I put his heart to rest by assuring him that his sickness was all a fiction, and that the same old decrepid invalid, when he had washed the wrinkles out of his face, was as gay and sprightly as the best, aye, added I, and in his real character one of the best into the bargain : I am glad of it, I am glad of it to my heart, answered Ned, I hope he will never have one half of the complaints, which he counterfeits ; but 'tis surprising what some men can do.

In the interval of the second act an aged gentleman of a grave and senatorial appearance, in a full-dressed suit of purple ratteen and a flowing white wig, entered the box alone, and as he was looking out for a seat, it was with pleasure I observed the young idlers at the back pay respect to his age and person by making way for him, and pointing to a spare place on our bench, to which he advanced, and after some apologies natural to a well-bred man took his seat on our range.

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His eyes immediately paid the tribute, which even age could not withhold from the beauty of Constantia ; he regarded her with more than a common degree of sensibility and attention ; he watched for opportunities of speaking to her every now and then at the shifting of a scene or the exit of a performer ; he asked her opinion of the actors, of the comedy, and at the conclusion of the act said to her, I dare believe young lady, you are no friend to the title of this comedy : I should be no friend to it, replied Constantia, if the author had drawn so unnatural a character as an unrelenting father. One such monster in an age, cried Ned, taking up the discourse, is one too many. When I overheard these words, and noticed the effect which they had upon him, combining it also with his emotion at certain times, when he examined the features of Constantia with a fixed attention, a thought arose in my mind of a romantic nature, which I kept to myself, that we might possibly be then in company with the father of Mrs. Goodison, and that Ned's prophetic wishes were actually verified. When *Fanny* is discovered to be a married

woman at the close of the comedy, and the father in his fury cries out to her husband—*Loverwell, you shall leave my house directly, and you shall follow him, Madam*—Ned could not refrain himself from exclaiming, Oh, the hardened monster!—but whilst the words were on his lips, *Lord Ogleby* immediately replied to the father in the very words, which benevolence would have dictated—*And if they do, I will receive them into mine*, whereupon the whole theatre gave a loud applause, and *Constantia*, whilst the tear of sensibility and gratitude started in her eye, taking advantage of the general noise to address herself to Ned without being overheard, remarked to him—That this was an effusion of generosity she could not scruple to applaud, since she had an example in her eye, which convinced her it was in nature.—Pardon me, replied Ned, I find nothing in the sentiment to call for my applause; every man would act as *Lord Ogleby* does, but there is only one father living, who would play the part of that brute *Sterling*, and I wish old *Goodison* was here at my elbow to see the copy of his own hateful features. It was evident that the

stranger,

stranger, who sat next to Ned, overheard this reply, for he gave a sudden start, which shook his frame, and darting an angry glance suddenly exclaimed—Sir!—and then as suddenly recollecting himself, checked his speech and bit his lips in fullen silence. This had passed without being observed by Ned, who turning round at the word, which he conceived was addressed to him, said in a mild tone—Did you speak to me, Sir? to which the old gentleman making no answer, the matter passed unnoticed, except by me.

As soon as the comedy was over, our box began to empty itself into the lobby, when the stranger seeing the bench unoccupied behind me, left his place and planted himself at my back. I was now more than ever possessed with the idea of his being old Goodison, and wished to ascertain if possible the certainty of my guess; I therefore made a pretence to the ladies of giving them more room and stepped back to the bench on which he was sitting. After a few words in the way of apology he asked me, if he might without offence request the name of the young lady I had just quitted;

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with.

with this I readily complied, and when I gave her name methought he seemed prepared to expect it: He asked me if her mother was a widow; I told him she was—Where was she at present and in what condition? She was at present in the house of a most benevolent creature, who had rescued her from the deepest distress—Might he ask the name of the person, who had done that good action? I told him both his name and place of abode, described in as few words as I could the situation he had found her and Constantia in, spoke briefly, but warmly, of his character, and omitted not to give him as many particulars of my friend Ned as I thought necessary; in conclusion I made myself also known to him, and explained what my small part had been in the transaction. He made his acknowledgments for these communications in very handsome terms, and then after a short pause, in which he seemed under difficulty how to proceed, he spoke to this effect:

I am aware that I shall introduce myself to you under some disadvantages, when I tell you I am the father of that young woman's

man's mother; but if you are not a parent yourself, you cannot judge of a parent's feelings towards an undutiful child; and if you are one, I hope you have not had, nor ever will have, the experience of what I have felt: Let that pass therefore without further comment! I have now determined to see my daughter, and I hope I may avail myself of your good offices in preparing her for the interview; I wish it to take place to-morrow, and, if you foresee no objection, let our meeting be at the house of her benefactor Mr. Abrahams; for to that worthy person, as you describe him to be, I have many necessary apologies to make, and more thanks than I shall know how to repay; for the present I must beg you will say nothing about me in this place.

To all these points I gave him satisfactory assurances, and settled the hour of twelve next day for the meeting; he then drew a shagreen case out of his pocket, which he put into my hand, saying, that if I would compare that face with Constantia's I could not wonder at the agitation, which so strong a family-resemblance had given him; it was a portrait of his deceased

H. 4 wife

wife at Constantia's age; the first glance he had of her features had struck him to the heart; he could not keep his eyes from her; she was indeed a perfect beauty; he had never beheld any thing to compare with her, but that counterpart of her image then in my hand; he begged to leave it in my care till our meeting next morning; perhaps, added he, the sight of it will give a pang of sensibility to my poor discarded child, but I think it will give her joy also, if you tender it as a pledge of my reconciliation and returning love.

Here his voice shook, his eyes swam in tears, and clasping my hand eagerly between his, he conjured me to remember what I had promised, and hastened out of the house.

No. XLIV.

WHEN I had parted from the old gentleman, I found Mrs. Abrahams desirous to return home, being somewhat indisposed by the heat of the theatre, so that I lost no time

time in getting her and Constantia into the coach: In our way homewards I reported the conversation I had held with Mr. Goodison; the different effects it had upon my hearers were such as might be expected from their several characters; the gentle spirit of Constantia found relief in tears; her grateful heart discharged itself in praises and thanksgivings to Providence: Mrs. Abrahams forgot her head-ach, felicitated herself in having prevailed upon Mrs. Goodison to consent to her daughter's going to the play, declared she had a presentiment that something fortunate would come to pass, thought the title of the comedy was a lucky omen, congratulated Constantia over and over, and begged to be indulged in the pleasure of telling these most joyful tidings to her good man at home: Ned put in his claim for a share in the prophecy no less than Mrs. Abrahams; he had a kind of a something in his thoughts, when Goodison sat at his elbow, that did not quite amount to a discovery, and yet it was very like it; he had a sort of an impulse to give him a gird or two upon the character of *Sterling*, and he was very sure that what he threw out upon the occa-

fion made him squeak, and that the discovery would never have come about, if it had not been for him; he even advanced some learned remarks upon the good effects of stage-plays in giving touches to the conscience, though I do not pretend to say he had *Jeremy Collier* in his thoughts at the time; in short, what between the Hebrew and the Christian there was little or nothing left for my share in the work, so that I contented myself with cautioning Constantia how she broke it to her mother, and recommended to Mrs. Abrahams to confine her discourse to her husband, and leave Constantia to undertake for Mrs. Goodison.

When we arrived at our journey's end we found the honest Jew alone, and surprised him before he expected us: Mrs. Goodison was gone to bed a little indisposed, Constantia hastened up to her without entering the parlour; Mrs. Abrahams let loose the clapper of joy, and rang in the good news with so full a peal and so many changes, that there was no more to be done on my part but to correct a few trips in the performance of the nature of pleonasm, which were calculated to improve the tale in every particu-

lar

lar but the truth of it. When she had fairly acquitted herself of the history, she began to recollect her head-ach, and then left us very thoroughly disposed to have a fellow-feeling in the same complaint.

After a few natural reflections upon the event, soberly debated and patiently delivered, I believe we were all of one mind in wishing for a new subject, and a silence took place sufficiently preparatory for it's introduction; when Abrahams, putting on a grave and serious look, in a more solemn tone of voice, than I had ever heard him assume, delivered himself as follows:

There is something, Gentlemen, presses on my mind, which seems a duty on my conscience to impart to you: I cannot reconcile myself to play the counterfeit in your company, and therefore if you will have patience to listen to a few particulars of a life, so unimportant as mine, I will not intrude long upon your attention, and at worst it may serve to fill up a few spare minutes before we are called to our meal.

I need not repeat what was said on our parts; we drew our chairs round the fire; Abrahams gave a sigh, hemmed twice or

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thrice,

thrice, as if the words in rising to his throat had choaked him, and thus began :

I was born in Spain, the only son of a younger brother of an antient and noble house, which like many others of the same origin and persuasion had long been in the indispensable practice of conforming to the established religion, whilst secretly and under the most guarded concealment every member of it without exception hath adhered to those opinions, which have been the faith of our tribe from the earliest ages.

This I trust will account to you for my declining to expose my real name, and justify the discretion of my assuming the fictitious one, by which I am now known to you.

Till I had reached my twentieth year I knew myself for nothing but a Christian, if that may be called Christianity, which monkish superstition and idolatry have so adulterated and distorted from the moral purity of it's scriptural guides, as to keep no traces even of rationality in it's form and practice.

This period of life is the usual season for
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the parents of an adult to reveal to him the awful secret of their concealed religion : The circumstances, under which this tremendous discovery is confided to the youth, are so contrived as to imprint upon his heart the strongest seal of secrecy, and at the same time present to his choice the alternative of parricide or conformity : With me there was no hesitation ; none could be ; for the yoke of Rome had galled my conscience till it festered, and I seized emancipation with the avidity of a ransomed slave, who escapes out of the hands of infidels.

Upon our great and solemn day of the Passover I was initiated into Judaism ; my father conducted me to the interior chamber of a suite of apartments, locking every door through which we passed, with great precaution, and not uttering a syllable by the way ; in this secure retreat he purposed to celebrate that antient rite, which our nation holds so sacred : He was at that time in an alarming decline ; the agitating task he had been engaged in overpowered his spirits ; whilst he was yet speaking to me, and my eyes were fixed upon his face, the hand of death smote him ; I saw his eye-lids quiver ;
I heard

I heard him draw his last expiring sigh, and falling dead upon my neck as I was kneeling at his feet, he brought me backwards to the floor, where I laid panting under his lifeless corpse, scarce more alive than he was.

The noise of his fall and the horrid shrieks I began to utter, for I had no presence of mind in that fatal moment, were unfortunately overheard, far as we were removed from the family : The room we were in had a communication with our private chapel; the monk, who was our family confessor, had a master-key, which commanded the avenues to that place ; he was then before the altar, when my cries reached his ears; he ascended hastily by the private stair-case, and finding the door locked, his terror at my yells adding strength to a colossal form, with one vehement kick he burst open the door, and, besides the tragic spectacle on the ground, too plainly discovered the damning proofs of our apostacy.

Vile wretch, cried he as he seized hold of my father's body, unholy villain, circumcised infidel ! I thank my God for having smote thee with a sudden judgment : Lie there
like

like a dog as thou art, and expect the burial of a dog ! This said, with one furious jerk of his arm he hurled the venerable corpse of the most benevolent of God's creatures with the utmost violence to the corner of the room : Whilst I tell it my blood curdles ; I heard his head dash against the marble floor ; I did not dare to turn my eyes to the spot ; the sword, which my father had presented to my hand and pointed at his own breast, when he imparted to me his faith, lay naked on the floor ; I grasped it in my hand ; nature tugged at my heart ; I felt an impulse irresistible ; I buried it in the bowels of the monk : I thrust it home with so good a will, that the guard entangled in the cord that was tied about his carcase ; I left my weapon in the body, and the ponderous bigot fell thundering on the pavement.

A ready thought, which seemed like inspiration, seized me ; I disposed my father's corpse in decent order ; drew the ring from his finger, on which the symbol of our tribe was engraved in Hebrew characters ; I took away those fatal tokens, which had betrayed us ; there were implements for writing on a table ;

table ; I wrote the following words on a scroll of paper—"This monk fell by my hand ; he merited the death I gave him : " Let not my father's memory be attainted ! " He is innocent, and died suddenly by the will of Heaven and not by the hand of man."—This I signed with my name, and affixed to the breast of the monk ; then imprinting a last kiss upon the hand of my dead father, I went softly down the secret stairs, and passing through the chapel escaped out of the house unnoticed by any of the family.

Our house stood at one extremity of the antient city of Segovia ; I made my way as fast as my feet would transport me to the forests of San Ildephonso, and there sheltered myself till night came on ; by short and stealthy journeys, through various perils and almost incredible hardships, I arrived at Barcelona ; I made myself known to an English merchant, settled there, who had long been a correspondent of my father's, and was employed by our family in the exportation of their wool, which is the chief produce of estates in the great plain of Segovia, so famous for it's sheep : By this gentleman

gentleman I was supplied with money and necessaries; he also gave me letters of credit upon his correspondent in London, and took a passage for me in a very commodious and capital ship bound to that port, but intermediately to Smyrna, whither she was chartered with a valuable cargo. Ever since the unhappy event in Segovia it had been my first and constant wish to take refuge in England; nothing therefore could be more acceptable than these letters of credit and introduction, and being eager to place myself under the protection of a nation, whose generosity all Europe bears testimony to, I lost not a moment in embarking on board the British Lion, (for so the ship was named) and in this asylum I for the first time found that repose of mind and body, which for more than two months I had been a stranger to.

Here I fortunately made acquaintance with a very worthy and ingenious gentleman, who was going to settle at Smyrna as physician to the factory, and to the care and humanity of this excellent person, under Providence, I am indebted for my recovery from a very dangerous fever, which seized
me

me on the third day after my coming on board : This gentleman resided many years at Smyrna, and practised there with great success ; he afterwards went through a very curious course of travel, and is now happily returned to his native country.

When we arrived at Smyrna I was on my recovery, and yet under the care of my friendly physician ; I lodged in the same house with him, and found great benefit from the air and exercise on shore ; He advised me to remain there for a season, and at the same time an offer was made to me by the ship's captain of acting for the merchants in place of their agent, who had died on the passage. The letters of credit given me at Barcelona, and the security entered into on my account with the house in London, warranted this proposal on his part, and there were many motives which prevailed with me for accepting it.

In this station I had the good fortune to give such satisfaction to my principals, that during a residence of more than twenty years I negotiated their business with uninterrupted success, and in the course of that time secured a competency for myself, and
married

married a very worthy wife, with whom I have lived happily ever since.

Still my wishes pointed to this land of freedom and toleration, and here at last I hope I am set down for life: Such was my prepossession for this country, that I may say without boasting, during twenty years residence in Smyrna no Englishman ever left my door without the relief he solicited, or appeared to stand in need of.

I must not omit to tell you that to my infinite comfort it turned out, that my precautions after the death of the monk were effectual for preventing any mischief to the head of my family, who still preserves his rank, title and estate unsuspected; and although I was outlawed by name, time hath now wrought such a change in my person, and the affair hath so died away in men's memories, that I trust I am in security from any future machinations in that quarter: Still I hold it just to my family and prudent towards myself to continue my precautions: Upon the little fortune I raised in Smyrna, with some aids I have occasionally received from the head of our house, who is my nephew, and several profitable commissions for the
sale

sale of Spanish wool, I live contentedly, though humbly as you see, and I have besides wherewithal, (blessed be God!) to be of some use and assistance to my fellow-creatures.

Thus I have related to you my brief history, not concealing that bloody act, which would subject me to death by the sentence of a human tribunal, but for which I hope my intercession and atonement have been accepted by the Supreme Judge of all hearts, with whom there is mercy and forgiveness. Reflect I pray you upon my situation at that dreadful moment; enter into the feelings of a son; picture to yourselves the scene of horror before my eyes; conceive a brutal zealot spurning the dead corpse of my father, and that father his most generous benefactor, honoured for his virtues and adored for his charities, the best of parents and the friend of mankind; reflect, I say, upon these my agonies and provocations, make allowance for a distracted heart in such a crisis, and judge me with that charity, which takes the law of God, and not the law of man for it's direction.

Here Abrahams concluded, and here also

I shall

I shall adjourn to the succeeding number what remains to be related of the persons, whose adventures have already engrossed so large a portion of this miscellaneous work.

No. XLV.

THE reader will recollect that the worthy Hebrew, who assumes the name of Abrahams, had just concluded the narrative of his adventures, and that the next morning was appointed for a conciliatory interview between Mrs. Goodison and her father. Ned, whose natural indolence had now begun to give place to the most active of all passions, had been so much agitated by the events of the day, that we had no sooner parted from honest Abrahams, than he began to comment upon the lucky incident of our rencontre with the old gentleman at the comedy; he seemed strongly inclined to deal with destiny for some certain impulses, which he remembered to have felt, when he was so earnest to go to the play; and declared
with

with much gravity, that he went thither fully prepossessed some good fortune would turn up: "Well, to be sure," said he, "I ought to rejoice in the happy turn affairs have now taken, and I do rejoice; but it would have given me infinite delight to have fulfilled the plan I had in design for Mrs. Goodison's accommodation; she will now want no assistance from me; my little cottage will never have the honour of receiving her; all those schemes are at an end; Constantia too will be a great fortune, she will have higher views in life, and think no more of me, or, if she did, it is not to be supposed her grandfather, who so bitterly resented his daughter's match, will suffer her to fall into the same offence." I must confess I thought so entirely with my friend Ned in the concluding parts of these remarks, that I could only advise him to wait the event of time, and recommend himself in the mean while as well as he could to Mr. Somerville, the grandfather of Constantia. Art and education, it is true, had not contributed much to Ned's accomplishments, but nature had done great things in his favour; to a person

son admirably, though not finically formed, she had given a most interesting set of features, with such a striking character of benevolence and open honesty, that he might be said to carry his heart in his countenance; though there was a kind of lassitude in his deportment, the effect of habits long indulged, yet his sensibility was ever ready to start forth upon the first call, and on those occasions no one would have regretted that he had not been trained in the school of the graces; there was something then displayed, which they cannot teach, and only nature in her happiest moments can bestow.

The next morning produced a letter from honest Abrahams, full of joy for the happy reconciliation now established, and inviting us to celebrate the day with Mr. Somerville and the ladies at his house. This was an anxious crisis for my friend Ned; and I perceived his mind in such a state of agitation, that I thought fit to stay with him for the rest of the forenoon: he began to form a variety of conjectures as to the reception he was likely to meet from the old gentleman, with no less a variety of plans for his

his own behaviour, and even of speeches with which he was to usher in his first addresses; sometimes he sunk into melancholy and despair, at other times he would snatch a gleam of hope, and talk himself into transports; he was now, for the first time in his life, studiously contriving how to set off his person to the best advantage; his hair was fashionably dressed, and a handsome suit was tried on, during which he surveyed himself in the glass with some attention, and, as I thought, not entirely without a secret satisfaction, which, indeed, I have seen other gentlemen bestow upon their persons in a much greater degree, with much less reason for their excuse.

When he was compleatly equipt, and the time approached for our going, "Alas!" he cried, "what does all this signify? I am
"but a clown in better cloaths. Why was
"my father so neglectful of my education,
"or rather why was I so negligent to avail
"myself of the little he allowed me?
"What would I not give to redeem the
"time I have thrown away! But 'tis in
"vain: I have neither wit to recommend
"myself, nor address to disguise my want

“ of it ; I have nothing to plead in my favour, but common honour and honesty ;
“ and what cares that old hard-hearted fellow for qualities, which could not reconcile him to his own son-in-law ? he will
“ certainly look upon me with contempt.
“ As for Constantia, gratitude, perhaps, might in time have disposed her heart towards me, and my zealous services might
“ have induced her mother to overlook my deficiencies, but there is an end of that
“ only chance I had for happiness, and I am
“ a fool to thrust myself into a society,
“ where I am sure to heap fresh fuel on
“ my passion, and fresh misfortunes on my head.”

With these impressions, which I could only soothe but not dispel, Ned proceeded to the place of meeting with an aching heart and dejected countenance. We found the whole party assembled to receive us, and though my friend's embarrassment disabled him from uttering any one of the ready-made speeches he had digested for the purpose, yet I saw nothing in Mr. Somerville's countenance or address, that could augur

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otherwise than well for honest Ned; Mrs. Goodison was as gracious as possible, and Constantia's smile was benignity itself. Honest Abrahams, who has all the hospitality as well as virtues of his forefathers the patriarchs, received us with open arms, and a face in which wide-mouthed joy grinned most delectably. It was with pleasure I observed Mr. Somerville's grateful attentions towards him and his good dame; they had nothing of ostentation or artifice in them, but seemed the genuine effusions of his heart; they convinced me he was not a man innately morose, and that the resentment, so long fostered in his bosom, was effectually extirpated. Mrs. Abrahams, in her province, had exerted herself to very good purpose, and spread her board, if not elegantly, yet abundantly; Abrahams, on his part, kept his wine and his tongue going with incessant gaiety and good-humour, and whilst he took every opportunity of drawing forth Ned's honest heart and natural manners to the best advantage, I was happy in discovering that they did not escape the intuition of Somerville, and that he made
faster

faster progress towards his good opinion, than if he had exhibited better breeding and less sincerity of character.

In the course of the evening the old gentleman told us he had determined upon taking his daughter and Constantia into the country with him, where he flattered himself Mrs. Goodison would recover her health and spirits sooner than in town, and at the same time gave us all in turn a pressing invitation to his house. Abrahams and his wife excused themselves on the score of business; but Ned, who had no such plea to make, nor any disposition to invent one, thankfully accepted the proposal.

The day succeeding and some few others, were passed by Mrs. Goodison and Constantia at Mr. Somerville's in the necessary preparations and arrangements previous to their leaving London; during this time Ned's diffidence and their occupations did not admit of any interview, and their departure was only announced to him by a note from the old gentleman, reminding him of his engagement; his spirits were by this time so much lowered from their late elevation, that he even doubted if he should accept

the invitation ; love however took care to settle this point in his own favour, and Ned arrived at the place of his destination rather as a victim under the power of a hopeless passion, than as a modern fine gentleman with the assuming airs of a conqueror. The charms of the beautiful Constantia, which had drawn her indolent admirer so much out of his character and so far from his home, now heightened by the happy reverse of the situation, and set off with all the aids of dress, dazzled him with their lustre ; and though her change of fortune and appearance was not calculated to diminish his passion, it seemed to forbid his hopes : in sorrow, poverty and dependance, she had inspired him with the generous ambition of rescuing her from a situation so ill proportioned to her merits, and, though he had not actually made, he had very seriously meditated a proposal of marriage : He saw her now in a far different point of view, and comparing her with himself, her beauty, fortune and accomplishments with his own conscious deficiencies, he sunk into despair. This was not unobserved by Constantia ; neither did she want the penetration to discern

cern the cause of it. When he had dragged on this wretched existence for some days, he found the pain of it no longer supportable, and, ashamed of wearing a face of woe in the house of happiness, he took the hardy resolution of bidding farewell to Constantia and his hopes for ever.

Whilst he was meditating upon this painful subject one evening during a solitary walk, he was surprized to hear himself accosted by the very person, from whose chains he had determined to break loose; Constantia was unattended, the place was retired, the hour was solemn and her looks were soft and full of compassion. What cannot love effect? it inspired him with resolution to speak; it did more, it supplied him with eloquence to express his feelings.

Constantia in few words gave him to understand that she rightly guessed the situation of his mind; this at once drew from him a confession of his love and his despair—of the former he spoke little and with no display; he neither sought to recommend his passion, or excite her pity; of his own defects he spoke more at large, and

dwelt much upon his want of education; he reproached himself for the habitual indolence of his disposition, and then, for the first time, raising his eyes from the ground, he turned them on Constantia, and after a pause exclaimed, "Thank heaven! you are restored to a condition, which no longer subjects you to the possible sacrifice I had once the audacity to hint at. Conscious as I am of my own unworthiness at all times to aspire to such a proposal, let me do myself the justice to declare that my heart was open to you in the purest sense; that to have tendered an asylum to your beloved mother, without ensnaring your heart by the obligation, would still have been the pride of my life, and I as truly abhorred to exact, as you could disdain to grant, an interested surrender of your hand: and now, lovely Constantia, when I am about to leave you in the bosom of prosperity, if I do not seem to part from you with all that unmixed felicity, which your good fortune ought to inspire, do not reproach me for my unhappy weakness; but recollect for once in your life, that your charms

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“are irresistible, and my soul only too susceptible of their power and too far plunged into despair, to admit of any happiness hereafter.”

At the conclusion of this speech Ned again fixt his eyes on the ground ; after a short silence, “I perceive,” replied Constantia, “that my observations of late were rightly formed, and you have been torturing your mind with reflections very flattering to me, but not very just towards yourself : believe me, Sir, your opinion is as much too exalted in one case, as it is too humble in the other. As for me, having as yet seen little of the world but its miseries, and being indebted to the benevolence of human nature for supporting me under them, I shall ever look to that principle as a greater recommendation in the character of a companion for life, than the most brilliant talents or most elegant accomplishments : in the quiet walks of life I shall expect to find my enjoyments.” Here Ned started from his reverie, a gleam of joy rushed upon his heart, by an involuntary motion he had grasped one of her hands ; she perceived

the tumult her words had created, and extricating her hand from his—"Permit me," said she, "to qualify my respect for a benevolent disposition by remarking to you, that without activity there can be no virtue: I will explain myself more particularly; I will speak to you with the sincerity of a friend—You are blest with excellent natural endowments, a good heart and a good understanding; you have nothing to do but to shake off an indolent habit, and, having youth at your command, to employ the one and cultivate the other: the means of doing this it would be presumption in me to prescribe, but as my grandfather is a man well acquainted with the world and fully qualified to give advice, I should earnestly recommend to you not to take a hasty departure before you have consulted him, and I may venture to promise you will never repent of any confidence you may repose in his friendship and discretion."

Here Constantia put an end to the conference and turned towards the house; Ned stood fixt in deep reflection, his mind sometimes brightening with hope, sometimes relapsing

lapsing into despair : his final determination, however, was to obey Constantia's advice and seek an interview with Mr. Somerville.

No. XLVI.

THE next morning, as soon as Ned and Mr. Somerville met, the old gentleman took him into his library, and when he was seated, "Sir," said he, "I shall save you some embarrassment, if I begin our conference by telling you that I am well apprised of your sentiments towards my Constantia ; I shall make the same haste to put you out of suspense, by assuring you that I am not unfriendly to your wishes."

This was an opening of such unexpected joy to Ned, that his spirits had nearly sunk under the surprize ; he stared wildly, without power of utterance, scarce venturing to credit what he had heard ; the blood rushed into his cheeks, and Somerville, seeing his disorder, proceeded : "When I have said this on my own part, understand, young gen-

“ gentleman, that I only engage not to obstruct
“ your success, I do not, nay I cannot, un-
“ dertake to ensure it: that must depend
“ upon Constantia; permit me to add, it
“ must depend upon yourself.” Here Ned,
unable to suppress his transports, eagerly
demanded what there could be in his power
to do, that might advance him in the good
opinion and esteem of Constantia; such
was his gratitude to the old gentleman for
his kindness, that he could scarce refrain
from throwing himself at his feet, and he
implored him instantly to point out the
happy means, which he would implicitly
embrace, were they ever so difficult, ever so
dangerous.

“ There will be neither hardship nor
“ hazard,” replied Mr. Somerville, “ in
“ what I shall advise. Great things may
“ be accomplished in a short time where
“ the disposition is good and the under-
“ standing apt: though your father neg-
“ lected your education, it is no reason you
“ should neglect yourself; you must shake
“ off your indolence; and as the first step
“ necessary towards your future comfort is
“ to put yourself at ease in point of fortune,
“ you

“ you must make yourself master of your
“ own estate ; that I suspect can only be
“ done by extricating your affairs from the
“ hands they are in ; but as this is a busi-
“ ness, that will require the assistance of an
“ honest and able agent, I shall recommend
“ to you my own lawyer, on whose integrity
“ you may securely rely ; he will soon re-
“ duce your affairs to such a system of re-
“ gularity, that you will find it an easy
“ business, and when you discover how
“ many sources of future happiness it opens
“ to you, you will pursue it as an em-
“ ployment of no less pleasure than advan-
“ tage.”

To this good advice Ned promised the fullest and most unreserved obedience ; Mr. Somerville resumed his subject and proceeded : “ When you have thus laid the founda-
“ tion in œconomy, what remains to be
“ done will be a task of pleasure : this will
“ consist in furnishing your mind and en-
“ larging your experience, in short, Sir, rub-
“ bing off the rust of indolence and the
“ prejudices of a narrow education : now for
“ this important undertaking I have a friend
“ in my eye, whose understanding, temper,

“ morals and manners qualify him to render you most essential services ; with this
“ amiable and instructive companion I
“ should in the first place recommend you
“ to take a tour through the most interesting parts of your own country, and hereafter, as occasion shall serve, you may, or
“ you may not, extend your travels into
“ other countries : this is the best counsel
“ I have to give you, and I tender it with
“ all possible good wishes for your success.”

A plan, proposed with so much cordiality and holding forth such a reward for the accomplishment of its conditions, could not fail to be embraced with ardour by the late despairing lover of Constantia. The worthy lawyer was prepared for the undertaking, and Ned was all impatience to convince Mr. Somerville, that indolence was no longer his ruling defect. He gave instant orders for his journey, and then flew to Constantia, at whose feet he poured forth the humble, yet ardent, acknowledgments of a heart overflowing with gratitude and love : it seemed as if love's arrow, like *Ithuriel's* spear, possessed the magic powers of transformation with a touch : there was a
spirit

spirit in his eyes, an energy in his motions, an illumination over his whole person, that gave his form and features a new cast: Constantia saw the sudden transformation with surprize, and as it evinced the flexibility of his nature and the influence of her own charms, she saw it also with delight: "So soon!" was her only reply, when he announced his immediate departure, but those words were uttered with such a cadence, and accompanied by such a look, as to the eye and ear of love conveyed more meaning than volumes would contain, unaided by such expression—"Yes, adorable Constantia," he exclaimed, "I am now setting forth to give the earliest proof in my power of a ready and alert obedience to the dictates of my best adviser; these few moments, which your condescension indulges me with, are the only moments I shall not rigidly devote to the immediate duties of my task: inspired with the hope of returning less unworthy of your attention, I cheerfully submit to banish myself from your sight for a time, content to cherish in my heart the lovely image there imprest, and flattering myself

" I have

“ I have the sanction of your good wishes
“ for the success of my undertaking.” Constantia assured him he had her good wishes for every happiness in life, and, then yielding her hand to him, he tenderly pressed it to his lips and departed.

It would be an uninteresting detail to enumerate the arrangements, which Ned by the instructions of his friendly and judicious agent adopted on his return to Poppy-hall. His affairs had indeed been much neglected, but they were not embarrassed, so that they were easily put into such order and regulation, as gave him full leisure for pursuing other objects of a more animating nature: with this view he returned to his friend Mr. Somerville, and was again blest with the presence of Constantia, to whom every day seemed to add new graces: he was welcomed by all parties in the most affectionate manner; Mr. Somerville, upon conversing with his lawyer, received a very flattering report of Ned’s activity and attention, nor was he displeased to hear from the same authority, that his estate and property far exceeded any amount, which the unpretending owner himself had ever hinted at.

It

It was now the latter end of April, and Ned had allowed himself only a few days to prepare for his tour, and to form an acquaintance with the amiable person, who at Mr. Somerville's request had engaged to accompany him; their plan was to employ six months in this excursion through England and part of Scotland, during which they were to visit the chief towns and principal manufactories, and Mr. Somerville had further contrived to lay out their course, so as to fall in with the houses of some of his friends by the way, where he had secured them a welcome in such societies, as promised no less profit than amusement to a young person in the pursuit of experience. Measures had been taken to provide equipage, servants, and all things requisite for a travelling establishment, amongst which a few well-selected books were not forgotten, and, thus at length equipt, Ned with his companion, on the first morning of the month of May, having taken leave of Mr. Somerville and Mrs. Goodison, and received a tender adieu from his beloved Constantia, stepped reluctantly into his chaise, and left the finest eyes in the creation to pay the tribute of a tear to the sorrows of the scene.

From

From this period I had heard nothing of his proceedings till a few days ago, when I was favoured by him with the following letter, dated from the house of Mr. Somerville :

“ Dear Sir,

“ I am just returned from a six months tour, in the course of which I have visited a variety of places and persons in company with a gentleman, from whose pleasing society I have reaped the highest enjoyment, and, if I do not deceive myself, no small degree of profit and instruction.

“ Before I set out upon this excursion I had the satisfaction of seeing my private affairs put in such a train, and arranged upon so clear a system, that I find myself in possession of a fund of occupation for the rest of my days in superintending the concerns of my estate, and interesting myself in the welfare and prosperity of every person, who depends upon me.

“ When I returned to this charming place, the reception I met with from Mr. Somerville was as flattering as can be conceived; the worthy mother of my beloved

“ Constantia

“ Constantia was no less kind to me ; but
“ in what words can I attempt to convey to
“ you the impression I felt on my heart,
“ when I was welcomed with smiles of ap-
“ probation by the ever-adorable object of
“ my affection ? What transport did it give
“ me, when I found her anxious to enquire
“ into every circumstance, that had occur-
“ red in the course of my travels ! none
“ were too minute for her notice ; she
“ seemed to take an interest in every thing
“ that had happened to me, and our con-
“ versations were renewed time after time
“ without weariness on her part, or any pro-
“ spect of exhausting our subject.

“ At this time I had no other expecta-
“ tion but of a second excursion with the
“ conductor of the first, and as that gentle-
“ man was in frequent conference with Mr.
“ Somerville, I took for granted they were
“ concerting the plan of a foreign tour ; and
“ though my heart was every hour more
“ and more fondly attached to Constantia,
“ so that a separation from her was painful
“ to reflect on, yet I was resolved at all
“ events not to swerve from my engage-
“ ments with her grandfather, and there-
“ fore

“ fore held myself in trembling expectation
“ of another summons to go forth : delight-
“ fully as the hours passed away in her so-
“ ciety, I dreaded lest any symptoms of self-
“ indulgence should lower me in her opi-
“ nion, or create suspicions in Mr. Somer-
“ ville and Mrs. Goodison that I was in any
“ danger of relapsing into my former indo-
“ lence : I therefore seized the first oppor-
“ tunity of explaining myself to those re-
“ spectable friends, when Constantia was not
“ present, and addressing myself to Mr. So-
“ merville, assured him that I was not dis-
“ posed to forget any part of his good advice,
“ nor so much my own enemy as to evade
“ any one of those conditions, to the per-
“ formance of which he had annexed the
“ hope of so transcendant a reward : con-
“ scious that he could impose nothing upon
“ me so hard to do, or so painful to suffer,
“ which such a prize would not infinitely
“ overbalance, I had no other backwardness
“ or apprehension as to his commands, but
“ what sprung from the conviction, that
“ after all my efforts I must ever remain
“ unworthy of Constantia.

“ I shall never forget Mr. Somerville's
“ reply,

“ reply, nor the action which accompanied
“ it. My good friend, said he (leaning over
“ the arm of the chair, and kindly taking
“ me by the hand) it is more than enough
“ for a man to have made one such fatal er-
“ ror in his life as I have done, one such un-
“ happy sacrifice to the false opinions of the
“ world; but though I have heartily re-
“ pented of this error, I am not so far re-
“ formed, as to be without ambition in the
“ choice of a husband for our Constantia;
“ no, Sir, I am still as ambitious as ever, but
“ I hope with better judgement and upon
“ better principles; I will not bate an atom
“ of virtue in the bargain I am to make; I
“ insist upon the good qualities of the heart
“ and temper to the last scruple; these are
“ the essentials which I rigidly exact, and
“ all these you possess: there are indeed
“ other, many other, incidental articles,
“ which you may, or you may not, superadd
“ to the account; but I am contented to
“ strike hands with you on the spot, though
“ you shall never have set foot upon foreign
“ soil.—What says my daughter to this?

“ When I cast my eyes upon the counte-
“ nance of the most benevolent of women,
“ and

“ and saw it turned expressively upon me,
“ smiling through tears, joy palpitated at my
“ heart, whilst she delivered herself as follows :—I were of all beings most insensible, could I withhold my testimony to
“ this gentleman’s merits, or my entire assent to his alliance with my daughter;
“ but as I have ever reposed perfect confidence in her, and, as far as I was enabled,
“ always consulted her wishes, I should be
“ glad this question might be fairly and
“ candidly referred to her unbiassed judgement for decision: she is very young;
“ our friend here is neither old in years nor
“ experience; both parties have time before
“ them; should she be willing to hold off
“ from the married state for a while, should
“ she foresee advantages in our friend’s undertaking a second tour with the same instructive associate, (whether into foreign
“ countries or nearer home) let her be the
“ judge of what is most likely to conduce to
“ her future happiness in a husband, and as
“ I am persuaded our friend here will practise no unfair measures for biasing her
“ judgement, let him consult Constantia’s
“ wishes

“ wishes on the case, and as she determines
“ so let him act, and so let us agree.

“ With these instructions, which Mr. So-
“ merville seconded, I hastened to Constan-
“ tia, and without hesitation or disguise re-
“ lated to her what had passed and requested
“ her decision. Judge (if it be possible to
“ judge) of my transports, when that in-
“ genuous, than angelic creature gave me a
“ reply, that left no room to doubt that I
“ was blest in the possession of her heart, and
“ that she could not endure a second sepa-
“ ration.

“ I flew to Mr. Somerville ; I fell at the
“ feet of Mrs. Goodison ; I interceded, im-
“ plored and was accepted. Nothing ever
“ equalled the generosity of their behaviour.
“ I am now to change my name to Somer-
“ ville, at that worthy gentleman's express
“ desire, and measures are already in train
“ for that purpose. The same abilities,
“ which I am indebted to for the good con-
“ dition of my affairs, are employed in per-
“ fecting the marriage settlement, and the
“ period now between me and happiness
“ would by any other person but myself be
“ termed a very short one.

“ Thus

“ Thus am I on the very eve of being
“ blest with the loveliest, the divinest ob-
“ ject upon earth, and thus have I by the
“ good counsel of my friends (in which num-
“ ber I shall ever reckon you) broke the
“ shackles of that unmanly indolence, under
“ which I was sinking apace into irremediable
“ languor and insignificance. Hence-
“ forward I intreat you to regard me as a
“ new man, and believe that with my name
“ I have put off my infirmity. We are in
“ daily expectation of our friendly Abra-
“ hams, who is *an Israelite indeed*: your
“ company would round our circle and com-
“ plete the happiness of

“ Your ever affectionate

“ EDWARD.”

No. XLVII.

PEOPLE have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the controul of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any
man

man resorts to this kind of excuse it behoves him to examine the justice of it, and to be sure that these passions, which he thus attempts to palliate, are strictly natural, and do not spring either from the neglect of education or the crime of self-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly so called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; some passions however make their appearance in this stage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; some follow us to the grave, others forsake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be reviewed under three periods, infancy, youth, and manhood; the first includes that portion of time before reason shews itself; in the second it appears indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, support and correction of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a person's responsibility bears respect to his reason, so do human punishments bear respect to his responsibility: Infants and boys are chastised by the hand of
the

the parent or the master ; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed mischief in the first case becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loss of reason by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuse himself by the plea of any sudden impulse of passion. If a prisoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger, lust or malice are inherent in his constitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence : yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontrollable propensity of their natural desires, as if the Creator had set up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were necessitated to obey.

This miserable subterfuge is no less abject than impious ; for what can be more degrading to a being, whose inherent attribute is free-agency and whose distinguishing faculty is reason, than to shelter himself from the dread of responsibility under the humiliating apology of mental slavery ? It is as if he should say—*Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man ; I follow instinct and renounce all claim to reason ;*

son; my actions govern me, not I my actions;—and yet the people, to whom I allude, generally set up this plea in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life, when the human mind is in the use and possession of reason; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself; notwithstanding this it is too often seen, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence of his propensities, vanity shall receive it not only as an atonement for the basest attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty; nay such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it shall pass with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

The passion of fear seems coæval with our nature; if they, who have our infancy in charge, suffer this passion to fix and increase upon us; if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and present to our sight frightful objects to scare us; if they practise on our natural and defenceless timidity by blows and menaces, and crush us into absolute subjection of spirit in our early years, a

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human creature thus abused has enough to plead in excuse for cowardice ; and yet this, which is the strongest defence we can make upon the impulse of passion, is perhaps the only one we never resort to : In most other passions we call that constitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions, to which the human mind is liable, it should seem as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their correction and controul, was greatly overmatched by such a host of turbulent insurgents ; but upon a closer examination we may find that reason has many aids and allies, and though her antagonists are also many and mighty, yet that they are divided and distracted, whilst she can in all cases turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments in her hands conducive to moral ends : Avarice for instance will act as a counterpoise to lust and intemperance, whilst vanity on the other hand will check avarice ; fear will keep a bad man honest, and pride will sometimes make a coward brave.

Observe the manners of *Palpatius* in company

pany with his patron; assiduous, humble, obliging; for ever smiling, and so supple and obsequious, you would think he had no will of his own, and was born for the uses and occasions of others: Follow Palpatius to his house, see him with his wife and children, hear him dictate to his servants and the needy dependants, who make suit through him to his principal, you will find all things reversed; the sycophant turns out a tyrant, and he is only indebted to his hypocrisy for keeping his insolence out of sight.

Procax is one of the most dissolute men living; he is handsome, impudent, and insinuating, qualifications that ensure his success with the ladies: He professes the most vehement passion for *Fulvia*; but *Fulvia* was on the point of marrying *Vetulus*, a rich old man, who wanted an heir, and till that event took place she held out against *Procax* upon motives of convenience only: *Fulvia* soon became the wife of *Vetulus*; she had no longer any repugnance to be the mistress of *Procax*; but the same man, who had pleaded the irresistible violence of his desires before marriage, now pretended con-

science, and drew back from her advances ; nay he did more, he put Vetulus upon his guard, and Fulvia's virtue was too closely watched to be in any future danger : What sudden change was this in Procax ? Vetulus had no heirs, and Procax had a contingent interest in the entail of his estate.

Splendida, in one of her morning airings, was solicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms.—*It is not for myself, madam*, said the wretched creature, *it is for my husband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief*.—*Splendida* directed her eyes towards the spot, and saw a sickly object stretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot soldier : Her heart was touched, and she drew out her purse, which was full of guineas : The blood rushed into the beggar's meagre visage at the sight ; *Splendida* turned over the gold ; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulse was lost ; unhappily for the suppliant, *Splendida* was alone and without a witness : She put her hand once more into her pocket, and taking out a solitary shilling, dropt it into the shrivelled palm that was stretched out

out to receive it, and drove on. Splendida returned home, drest herself, and went to a certain great lady's assembly; a subscription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actress; the lady condescended to receive subscriptions in person, and delivered a ticket to each contributor: Splendida drew forth the same purse, and wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar: The room rang with applauses of her charity—*I give it, says she, to her virtues, rather than to her talents; I bestow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actress.* Splendida on her return home took out her accompt-book, and set down twenty-one pounds one shilling to the article of charity; the shilling indeed Heaven audited on the score of alms, the pounds were posted to the account of vanity.

No. XLVIII.

An toti morimur ?

(SENECA IN TROAD.)

I BELIEVE there are few people, who have not at some time or other felt a propensity to humour themselves in that kind of melancholy, which arises in the mind upon revisiting the scene of former happiness, and contemplating the change that time has wrought in its appearance by the mournful comparison of present with past impressions.

In this train of thought I was the other day carried almost imperceptibly to the country seat of a deceased friend, whose loss I must ever lament. I had not been there since his death, and there was a dreariness in the scene as I approached, that might have almost tempted me to believe even things inanimate partook of my sensations. The traces of my friend, whose solicitude for order and seemliness reached to every thing about him, were no longer to

be

be seen: The cottages and little gardens of his poor neighbours, which used to be so trim and neat, whilst his eye was over them, seemed to be falling into neglect; the lawn before his house was now become a solitude; no labourers at their work; no domestics at their sports and exercises: I looked around for my old acquaintance, that used to be grazing up and down upon their pensions of pasturage; they had probably been food for hounds long ago; Nature had lost her smile of hospitality and benevolence; methought I never saw any thing more disconsolate.

As I entered the house, an aged woman, whom I had long remembered as one of the family, met me in the passage, and, looking me in the face, cried out, "Is it you, Sir?"—and burst into tears: She followed me into the common sitting-room, and as she was opening the shutters, observed to me—"That it did not look as it used to do, when my lord was living." It was true: I had already made the remark in silence:—"How the face of a friend," said I within myself, "enlivens all things about him! What hours of placid delight

“ have I passed within these walls ! Have
“ I ever heard a word here fall from his
“ lips, that I have wished him to recall ?
“ Has the reputation of the absent ever
“ bled by a stab of his giving ? Has the
“ sensibility of any person present suffered
“ for an expression of his ? Once, and only
“ once, in this very spot, I drew from him
“ the circumstantial detail of an unfortu-
“ nate period in his life : It was a recital so
“ manly and ingenuous, so void of colouring,
“ so disdainful of complaint and so untaint-
“ ed by asperity, that it carried conviction
“ to my mind, and I can scarce conceive a
“ degree of prejudice that could have held
“ out against it ; but I could perceive that
“ the greatest event in a man’s history may
“ turn by springs so subtle and concealed,
“ that they can never be laid open for pub-
“ lic exculpation, and that in the process
“ of all human trials there may be things
“ too small for the fingers of the law to feel
“ motives, which produce the good or ill
“ fortunes of men and govern their actions,
“ but which cannot guide the judgments,
“ or even come under the contemplation of

those

“those who are appointed to decide upon
“them.”

I soon quitted this apartment, and entered one which I contemplated with more satisfaction, and even with a degree of veneration; for it was the chamber, in which I had seen my friend yield up the last breath of life. Few men had endured greater persecution in the world; none could leave it in greater peace and charity: If forgiveness of injuries constitutes a merit, our enemies surely are those to whom we are most beholden. How awful is the last scene of a man's life, who has filled a dubious and important part on the stage of the world!—“Of a truth,” thought I, “thou art happily removed out of an unfriendly world; if thou hadst deceived my good opinion, it had been an injury to my nature: But though the living man can wear a mask and carry on deceit, the dying Christian cannot counterfeit: Sudden death may smite the hypocrite, the sensualist, the impostor, and they may die in their shame; but slow and gradual dissolution, a lingering death of agony and decay, will strip the human heart before

“ it seizes it ; it will lay it naked, before it
“ stops it. There is no trifling with some
“ solemnities ; no prevaricating with God,
“ when we are on the very threshold of
“ his presence : Many worldly friendships
“ dissolve away with his breath to whom
“ they were pledged ; but thy last mo-
“ ments, my friend, were so employed as to
“ seal my affection to thy memory closer
“ than it was ever attached to thy person ;
“ and I have it now to say, there was a
“ man, whom I have loved and served, and
“ who has not deceived or betrayed me.”

And what must I now think of popula-
rity, when I reflect upon those who had it,
and upon this man, who had it not ? Falla-
cious test !—Contemptible pursuit ! How
often, since the exile of Aristides, has in-
tegrity been thy victim and villany thine
idol ? Worship it then, thou filthy idolater,
and take the proper wages of thy servility ;
be the dupe of cunning, and the stalking-
horse of hypocrisy.

What a contrast to the death I have now
been reviewing, occurs to my mind, when I
reflect upon the dreadful consummation of
the once popular *Antitheüs* ! I remember
him

him in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man so carested, followed and applauded: He was a little loose, his friends would own, in his moral character, but then he was the honestest fellow in the world; it was not to be denied, that he was rather free in his notions, but then he was the best creature living. I have seen men of the gravest characters wink at his sallies, because he was so pleasant and so well bred, it was impossible to be angry with him. Every thing went well with him, and *Anti-theists* seemed to be at the summit of human prosperity, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms: He was at his country house, and (which had rarely happened to him) he at that time chanced to be alone; wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment of this attack.

A neighbouring physician was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haste in this extremity: He found him sitting up in his bed supported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath struggling as in the article of death, his

pulse intermitting, and at times beating with such rapidity as could hardly be counted. *Antitheüs* dismissed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the physician, if he thought him in danger : The physician answered that he must fairly tell him he was in imminent danger—*How so ! how so ! do you think me dying ?*—He was sorry to say the symptoms indicated death—*Impossible ! you must not let me die ; I dare not die ; O doctor ! save me, if you can.*—Your situation, Sir, is such, said the physician, that it is not in mine, or any other man's art, to save you ; and I think I should not do my duty, if I gave you any false hopes in these moments, which, if I am not mistaken, will not more than suffice for any worldly or other concerns, which you may have upon your mind to settle.—*My mind is full of horror,* cried the dying man, *and I am incapable of preparing it for death.*—He now fell into an agony, accompanied with a shower of tears ; a cordial was administered, and he revived in a degree ; when turning to the physician, who had his fingers on his pulse, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not see that blood
upon

upon the feet-curtains of his bed. There was none to be seen the physician assured him; it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy.—*I see it plainly, said Antitheüs, in the shape of a human hand: I have been visited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying sleepless in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceased friend, to dissipate certain thoughts that made me uneasy. I believed him to be a great philosopher, and was converted to his opinions: Persuaded by his arguments and my own experience that the disorderly affairs of this evil world could not be administered by any wise, just or provident Being, I had brought myself to think no such Being could exist, and that a life, produced by chance, must terminate in annihilation: This is the reasoning of that letter, and such were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dead friend presented itself before me; and, unfolding the curtains of my bed, stood at my feet, looking earnestly upon me for a considerable space of time. My heart sunk within me; for his face was ghastly, full of horror, with an expression of such anguish as I can never describe: His eyes were fixed upon me, and at length with a mournful motion of his head—*
“Alas,

"Alas, alas!" he cried, "we are in a fatal error"—and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, shook them violently and disappeared.—This, I protest to you, I both saw and heard, and look! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains.

Antitheüs survived the relation of this vision very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies.

What a forsaken and disconsolate creature is a man without religion!

Reader, whosoever thou art, deceive not thyself; let not passion, or prosperity, or wit, or wantonness, seduce thy reason to an attempt against the truth. If thou hast the faculties of a man, thou wilt never bring thyself to a fixed persuasion that there is no God: Struggle how thou wilt against the notion, there will be a moment when the glaring conviction will burst upon thy mind. Now mark what follows—If there is a God, the government of the world is in that God; and this once admitted, the necessity of a future state follows of consequence. Ask thyself then, what can be the purposes of that future state; what, but those of justice and retribution, to reward the good,
and

and to punish the evil? Our present life then is a life of probation, a state of trial and of discipline, preparatory to that future state. Now see what is fallen upon thee, and look well to thyself for the consequences: Thou hast let the idea of a God into thy mind, because indeed thou couldst not keep it out, and religion rushes through the breach. It is natural religion hitherto, and no more. But no matter; there is enough even in natural religion to make thee tremble. Whither wilt thou now resort for comfort, whither fly for refuge from the wrath to come?—Behold the asylum is open, Christianity is thy salvation and redemption: That, which natural religion hath shadowed out to thee in terrors, Christianity will reveal in glory: It will clear up thy doubts, disperse thy fears, and turn thy hopes into certainty. Thy reasonings about a future state, which are but reasonings, it will not only verify by divine authorities, but by positive proof, by visible example, attested by witnesses, confirmed by the evidence of the senses, and uncontradicted by the history of ages. Now thou wilt know to thy comfort, that there is a Mediator

tor

tor gone before thee, who will help out thy imperfect atonement, when thou art brought to judgment in a future state. Thou wilt indeed be told for certain, that this life is a state of probation, and that thou shalt be brought to account for thine actions ; but thou wilt be taught an easy lesson of salvation ; thou wilt be cheared with the mercies of thy God, and comforted with the assurance of pardon, if thou wilt heartily turn to repentance : Thou wilt find that all this system of religion is conformable to those natural notions, which reason suggested to thee before, with this advantage, that it makes them clearer, purifies, refines, enlarges them ; shuts out every dismal prospect, opens all that is delightful, and *points a road to Heaven through paths of peace and pleasantness.*

No. XLIX.

As I was turning over a parcel of old papers some time ago, I discovered an original letter from Mr. Caswell, the mathematician,

matician, to the learned Dr. Bentley, when he was living in Bishop Stillingfleet's family, inclosing an account of an apparition taken from the mouth of a clergyman who saw it : In this account there are some curious particulars, and I shall therefore copy the whole narrative without any omission, except of the name of the deceased person who is supposed to have *appeared*, for reasons that will be obvious.

" To the Rev. Mr. Richard Bentley, at my
" Lord Bishop of Worcester's House in
" Park Street, in Westminster, London.

" S I R,

" When I was in London, April last, I
" fully intended to have waited upon you
" again, as I said, but a cold and lameness
" seized me next day ; the cold took away
" my voice, and the other my power of
" walking, so I presently took coach for
" Oxford. I am much your debtor, and
" in particular for your good intentions in
" relation to Mr. D. though that, as it has
" proved, would not have turned to my ad-
" vantage : however, I am obliged to you
" upon that and other accounts, and if I
" had

" had opportunity to shew it, you should
" find how much I am your faithful ser-
" vant.

: " I have sent you inclosed a relation of
" an apparition ; the story I had from two
" persons, who each had it from the author,
" and yet their accounts somewhat varied,
" and passing through more mouths has
" varied much more ; therefore I got a
" friend to bring me to the author at a
" chamber, where I wrote it down from the
" author's mouth ; after which I read it to
" him, and gave him another copy ; he said
" he could swear to the truth of it, as far
" as he is concerned : He is the Curate of
" Warblington, Batchelour of Arts of Tri-
" nity College in Oxford, about six years
" standing in the University ; I hear no ill
" report of his behaviour here : He is now
" gone to his Curacy ; he has promised to
" send up the hands of the tenant and his
" man, who is a smith by trade, and the far-
" mer's men, as far as they are concerned.
" Mr. Brereton, the Rector, would have
" him say nothing of the story, for that
" he can get no tenant, though he has of-
" fered the house for ten pounds a year
" less. Mr. P. the former incumbent,
" whom

“whom the apparition represented, was a
 “man of a very ill report, supposed to have
 “got children of his maid, and to have
 “murthered them; but I advised the Cu-
 “rate to say nothing himself of this last
 “part of P. but leave that to the parish-
 “ioners, who knew him. Those who knew
 “this P. say he had exactly such a gown,
 “and that he used to whistle.

“Your’s,

“J. CASWELL.”

I desire you not to suffer any copy of this
 to be taken, lest some Mercury news-
 teller should print it, till the Curate has
 sent up the testimony of others and self.”

H. H. Dec. 15, 1695.

NARRATIVE.

“At Warblington, near Havant in
 “Hampshire, within six miles of Ports-
 “mouth, in the parsonage house dwelt
 “Thomas Perce the tenant, with his wife
 “and a child, a man-servant Thomas
 “. . . . and a maid-servant. About the
 “beginning of August, Anno 1695, on a
 “Monday, about nine or ten at night, all
 “being

“ being gone to bed, except the maid with
“ the child, the maid being in the kitchen,
“ and having raked up the fire, took a can-
“ dle in one hand, and the child in the
“ other arm, and turning about saw one in
“ a black gown walking through the room,
“ and thence out of the door into the or-
“ chard: Upon this the maid, hastening up
“ stairs, having recovered but two steps,
“ cried out; on which the master and mis-
“ tress ran down, found the candle in her
“ hand, she grasping the child about its
“ neck with the other arm: She told them
“ the reason of her crying out; she would
“ not that night tarry in the house, but
“ removed to another belonging to one
“ Henry Salter, farmer; where she cried out
“ all the night from the terror she was in,
“ and she could not be persuaded to go any
“ more to the house upon any terms.

“ On the morrow, (i. e. Tuesday) the
“ tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at
“ Havant, to desire my advice, and have
“ consult with some friends about it; I told
“ her I thought it was a sham, and that they
“ had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton the
“ Rector, whose house it was; she desired

“ me

“ me to come up ; I told her I would come
“ up and sit up or lie there, as she pleased ;
“ for then as to all stories of ghosts and
“ apparitions I was an infidel : I went thither
“ and sat up the Tuesday night with the
“ tenant and his man-servant : About twelve
“ or one o’clock I searched all the rooms in
“ the house to see if any body were hid there
“ to impose upon me : At last we came
“ into a lumber-room, there I smiling told
“ the tenant that was with me, that I
“ would call for the apparition, if there
“ was any, and oblige him to come : The
“ tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I
“ told him I would defend him from harm !
“ and then I repeated *Barbara, celarent*
“ *Darii*, &c. jestingly ; on this the tenant’s
“ countenance changed, so that he was ready
“ to drop down with fear : Then I told him
“ I perceived he was afraid, and I would
“ prevent its coming, and repeated *Bara-*
“ *lipton*, &c. then he recovered his spirits
“ pretty well and we left the room and went
“ down into the kitchen, where we were
“ before, and sat up there the remaining
“ part of the night and had no manner of
“ disturbance.

“ Thursday night the tenant and I lay
“ together in one room and the man in ano-
“ ther room, and he saw something walk
“ along in a black gown and place itself
“ against a window, and there stood for
“ some time, and then walked off. Friday
“ morning the man relating this, I asked him
“ why he did not call me, and I told him
“ I thought that was a trick or sham; he told
“ me the reason why he did not call me was,
“ that he was not able to speak or move.
“ Friday night we lay as before, and Satur-
“ day night, and had no disturbance either
“ of the nights.

! “ Sunday night I lay by myself in one room
“ (not that where the man saw the appar-
“ tion) and the tenant and his man in one
“ bed in another room; and betwixt twelve
“ and two the man heard something walk
“ in their room at the bed’s foot, and whist-
“ ling very well; at last it came to the bed’s
“ side, drew the curtain and looked on
“ them; after some time it moved off; then
“ the man called to me, desired me to come,
“ for that there was something in the room
“ went about whistling: I asked him whether
“ he had any light or could strike one, he
“ told

"told me no; then I leapt out of bed, and,
 "not staying to put on my clothes, went
 "out of my room and along a gallery to the
 "door, which I found locked or bolted; I
 "desired him to unlock the door, for that
 "I could not get in; then he got out of
 "bed and opened the door, which was near,
 "and went immediately to bed again; I
 "went in three or four steps, and, it being a
 "moonshine night, I saw the apparition
 "move from the bed side, and clap up
 "against the wall that divided their room
 "and mine; I went and stood directly against
 "it within my arm's length of it, and asked
 "it in the name of God what it was, that
 "made it come disturbing of us; I stood
 "some time expecting an answer, and re-
 "ceiving none, and thinking it might be
 "some fellow hid in the room to fright me,
 "I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand
 "seemingly went through the body of it, and
 "felt no manner of substance, till it came to
 "the wall; then I drew back my hand, and
 "still it was in the same place: Till now I
 "had not the least fear, and even now had
 "very little; then I adjured it to tell me
 "what it was: When I had said those
 "words,

“ words, it, keeping its back against the
“ wall, moved gently along towards the
“ door: I followed it, and it, going out at
“ the door, turned its back towards me: It
“ went a little along the gallery; I followed
“ it a little into the gallery, and it disap-
“ peared, where there was no corner for it to
“ turn, and before it came to the end of
“ the gallery, where was the stairs. Then
“ I found myself very cold from my feet as
“ high as my middle, though I was not in
“ great fear; I went into the bed betwixt
“ the tenant and his man, and they com-
“ plained of my being exceeding cold.
“ The tenant’s man leaned over his master
“ in the bed, and saw me stretch out my
“ hand towards the apparition, and heard
“ me speak the words; the tenant also
“ heard the words. The apparition seemed
“ to have a morning gown of a darkish co-
“ lour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a
“ thin meagre visage of a pale swarthy co-
“ lour, seemed to be of about forty-five or
“ fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the
“ arms hanging down; the hands visible
“ beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature.
“ I related this description to Mr. John
“ Lardner,

" Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major
 " Battin of Langstone in Havant parish ;
 " they both said the description agreed very
 " well to Mr. P. a former rector of the
 " place, who has been dead above twenty
 " years : Upon this the tenant and his wife
 " left the house, which has remained void
 " since.

" The Monday after last Michaelmas-
 " day, a man of Chodson in Warwick-
 " shire having been at Havant fair, passed
 " by the foresaid parsonage-house about nine
 " or ten at night, and saw a light in most
 " of the rooms of the house ; his pathway
 " being close by the house, he, wondering
 " at the light, looked into the kitchen win-
 " dow, and saw only a light, but turning
 " himself to go away, he saw the appearance
 " of a man in a long gown ; he made haste
 " away ; the apparition followed him over a
 " piece of glebe land of several acres, to
 " a lane, which he crossed, and over a little
 " meadow, then over another lane to some
 " pales, which belong to farmer Henry
 " Salter my landlord, near a barn, in which
 " were some of the farmer's men and some
 " others ; this man went into the barn, told

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" them

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 “ Salter my landlord, near a barn, in which
 “ were some of the farmer’s men and some
 “ others ; this man went into the barn, told
 Vol. II. L “ them

“ them how he was frightened and followed
“ from the parsonage-house by an apparition,
“ which they might see standing against the
“ pales, if they went out; they went out, and
“ saw it scratch against the pales, and make
“ a hideous noise; it stood there some time
“ and then disappeared; their description
“ agreed with what I saw. This last ac-
“ count I had from the man himself, whom
“ it followed, and also from the farmer’s
“ men.

“ THO. WILKINS, Curate of W.

“ Dec. 11, 1695, Oxon.”

I shall make no remark upon this genuine account, except as to the passage which I have put in italics: If Mr. Wilkins was thoroughly possessed of himself at that moment, as he deposes, and is strictly correct in his fact, the narrative is established.

No. L.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

I AM a plain man without pretensions, and lead a retired life in the country : The sports of the season, a small farm, which I hold in my own hands, and a pretty good kitchen garden, in which I take amusement, with the help of a few English books, have hitherto made my life, though it is that of a bachelor, pass off with more than tolerable comfort. By this account of my time you will perceive that most of my enjoyments depend upon the weather ; and though the wear-and-tear of age may have made me more sensible to the seasons than I have been, yet I cannot help thinking that our climate in England is as much altered for the worse, as my constitution may be. I do not pretend to reason upon natural causes, but speak upon observation only ; for by an exact journal of my time (which I keep more for a check upon my actions than for any importance which appertains to

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them)

them) I can find that I am obliged to my books for helping me through more rainy hours in the course of years last past, than I have been accustomed to be, or indeed than I could wish ; for you must know I never read, when I can amuse myself out of doors.

My studies are but trifling, for I am no scholar, but in bad weather and dark evenings they have served to fill up time ; a very little discouragement however suffices to put me out of conceit with my books, and I have thoughts of laying them totally on the shelf, as soon as ever I can provide some harmless substitute in their place : This you see is not so easy for me to do, being a solitary man, and one that hates drinking, especially by myself ; add to this that I smoke no tobacco, and have more reasons than I chuse to explain against engaging in the nuptial state : My housekeeper it is true is a decent conversable woman, and plays a good game at all-fours ; and I had begun to fill up an hour in her company, till I was surprized unawares by a neighbour, who is a wag and has never ceased jeering me upon it ever since : I took next to making nets
for

for my currant bushes, but alas! I have worked myself out of all employ and am got weary of the trade: I have thought of making fishing-rods; but I have a neighbour so tenacious of his trout, that I should only breed a quarrel, and fish in troubled waters, were I to attempt it. To make short of my story, Sir, I have been obliged after many efforts to go back to my books, though I have lost all the little relish I had for them ever since I have been honoured with the visits of a learned gentleman, who is lately settled in my neighbourhood. He must be a prodigious scholar, for I believe in my conscience he knows every thing that ever was written, and every body that ever writes. He has taken a world of kind pains I must confess to set me right in a thousand things, that I was ignorant enough to be pleased with: He is a fine spoken man, and in spite of my stupidity has the patience to convince me of the faults and blunders of every author in his turn. When he shews them to me, I see them as clear as day, and never take up the book again; he has now gone pretty nearly through my whole nest of shelves, pointing out as he proceeds, what

I like a fool never saw before, nor ever should have seen but for him. I used to like a *Spectator* now and then, and generally fought out for *Clio*, which I was told were Mr. Addison's papers; but I have been in a gross mistake, to lose my time with a man that cannot write common English; for my friend has proved this to me out of a fine book, three times as big as the *Spectator*; and, which is more, this great book is made by a foreign gentleman, who writes and speaks clear another language from Mr. Addison; surely he must be a dunce indeed, who is to be taught his mother tongue by a stranger! I was apt to be tickled with some of our English poets, Dryden and Pope and Milton, and one Gray, that turns out to be a very contemptible fellow truly, for he has shewn me all their secret histories in print, written by a learned man greater than them all put together, and now I would not give a rush for one of them; I could find in my heart to send *Bell* and all his books to the devil. As for all the writers now living, my neighbour, who by the way has a hand in reviewing their works, assures me he can make nothing of them, and indeed

deed I wonder that a man of his genius will have any thing to say to them. It was my custom to read a chapter or two in the Bible on a Sunday night; but there I am wrong again; I shall not enter upon the subject here, but it won't do, that I am convinced of, Sir; it positively will not do.

The reason of my writing to you at all is only to let you know, that I received a volume of your Observer by the coach; my friend has cast his eye over it, and I have returned it by the waggon, which he says is the fittest conveyance for waste paper.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

I shall give no other answer to my correspondent but to lament his loss of so innocent a resource as reading, which I suspect his new acquirements will hardly compensate. I still think that half an hour passed with Mr. Addison over a *Spectator*, notwithstanding all his false grammar, or even with one of the poets, notwithstanding their infirmities, might be as well employed as in weaving nets for the currant bushes, or play-

ing at all-fours with his housekeeper. No man has a right to complain of the critic, whose sagacity discovers inaccuracies in a favourite author, and some readers may probably be edified by such discoveries; but the bulk of them, like my correspondent Rusticus, will get nothing but disgust by the information: Every man's work is fair game for the critic; but let the critic beware that his own production is not open to retaliation. As for our late ingenious biographer of the poets, when I compare his life of Savage with that of Gray, I must own he has exalted the low, and brought down the lofty; with what justice he has done this the world must judge. On the part of our authors now living, whom the learned gentleman in the letter condemns in the lump, I have only this to observe, that the worse they fare now, the better they will succeed with posterity; for the critics love the sport too well to hunt any but those, who can stand a good chase; and authors are the only objects in nature, which are magnified by distance and diminished by approach: Let the illustrious dead change places with the illustrious living, and they shall escape no better than they

they have done who make room for them; the more merit they bring amongst us, the heavier the tax they shall pay for it.

Let us suppose for a moment that Shakespear was now an untried poet, and opened his career with any one of his best plays: The next morning ushers into the world the following, or something like the following, critique.

“ Last night was presented for the first
 “ time a tragedy called *Othello or the Moor*
 “ *of Venice*, avowedly the production of
 “ *Mr. William Shakespear*, the actor. This
 “ gentleman’s reputation in his profession is
 “ of the *mediocre* sort, and we predict that
 “ his present tragedy will not add much to
 “ it in any way.—*Mediocribus esse poetis*—
 “ the reader can supply the rest—*verb.*
 “ *sap.* As we profess ourselves to be friendly
 “ to the players in general, we shall reserve
 “ our fuller critique of this piece, till after
 “ its third night; for *we hold it very stuff of*
 “ *the conscience* (to use Mr. Shakespear’s own
 “ words) not to war against the poet’s purse;
 “ though we might apply the author’s quaint
 “ conceit to himself—

“ *Who steals his purse, steals trash; 'tis something;*

“ *nothing.*

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“ In this last reply we agree with Mr. Shake-
“ spear that *'tis nothing*, and our philosophy
“ tells us *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

“ For the plot of this tragedy the most we
“ can say is, that it is certainly of the *moving*
“ sort, for it is here and there and every
“ where ; a kind of theatrical *hocus-pocus* ; a
“ creature of the pye-ball breed, like Jacob's
“ muttons, between a black ram and a white
“ ewe. It brought to our mind the chil-
“ dren's game of—*I love my love with an A*
“ —with this difference only, that the young
“ lady in this play loves her love with a B,
“ *because he is black—Risum teneatis ?*

“ There is one *Iago*, a bloody-minded
“ fellow, who stabs men in the dark behind
“ their backs ; now this is a thing we hold
“ to be most vile and ever-to-be abhorred.
“ Othello smoothers his white wife in bed ;
“ our readers may think this a shabby kind
“ of an action for a general of his high cal-
“ ling ; but we beg leave to observe that it
“ shews some spirit at least in Othello to at-
“ tack the enemy in her *strong quarters* at
“ once. There was an incident of a *pocket-*
“ *handkerchief*, which *Othello* called out for
“ most lustily, and we were rather sorry
“ that

“ that his lady could not produce it, as we
“ might then have seen one *handkerchief* at
“ least employed in the tragedy. There
“ were some *vernacular* phrases, which caught
“ our ear, such as where the black damns
“ his wife twice in a breath—*Oh damn her,*
“ *damn her!*—which we thought favoured
“ more of the language spoken *at* the doors,
“ than *within* the doors of the theatre; but
“ when we recollect that the author used
“ to amuse a leisure hour with calling up
“ gentlemen’s coaches after the play was
“ over, before he was promoted to take a
“ part in it, we could readily account for
“ old habits. Though we have seen many
“ gentlemen and ladies kill themselves on
“ the stage, yet we must give the author
“ credit for the new way in which his hero
“ puts himself out of the world: Othello,
“ having smothered his wife, and being
“ taken up by the officers of the state, pre-
“ pares to dispatch himself and escape from
“ the hands of justice; to bring this about,
“ he begins a story about his killing a man
“ in Aleppo, which he illustrates *par exemple*
“ by stabbing himself, and so winds up his
“ story and his life in the same moment.

“ The author made his appearance in the
“ person of one *Brabantio* an old man, who
“ makes his first entry from a window ;
“ this occasioned some risibility in the au-
“ dience : The part is of an inferior kind,
“ and Mr. Shakespear was more indebted
“ to the exertions of his brethren, than to
“ his own, for carrying his play through.
“ Upon the whole, we do not think the
“ passion of jealousy, on which the plot
“ turns, so proper for tragedy as comedy,
“ and we would recommend to the author,
“ if his piece survives its nine nights, to cut
“ it down to a farce and serve it up to the
“ public *cum micâ salis* in that shape. After
“ this specimen of Mr. William Shakespear’s
“ tragic powers, we cannot encourage him
“ to pursue his attempts upon Melpomene ;
“ for there is a good old proverb, which we
“ would advise him to bear in mind—*ne sutor*
“ *ultra crepidam*—If he applies to his friend
“ *Ben*, he will turn it into English for
“ him.”

No. LI.

Ulceræ animi sananda magis quam corporis.

(EX SENTENT.)

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ?

(MACBETH.)

IT seems as if most of the antient writers of history thought no events worth recording to posterity but accounts of battles and sieges and the overthrow of empires ; as if men were to be celebrated only in proportion to the devastation they had made of the human species. As my respect, on the contrary, is directed chiefly to those peaceable characters, who have been the benefactors of mankind, it is with pleasure I discovered an anecdote of an antient king of Egypt of this description, named *Osymanduas* : This good prince, amongst other praise-worthy actions, has the credit of making the first public library in that learned nation, before books were collected at Athens by Pisistratus : *Osymanduas* made

no

no scruple to convert one of the chief temples to this generous use, and gave it in charge to the priests belonging to it to digest and arrange his collection; when this was done, he laid it open to the public, and by a very apposite and ingenious device, which he caused to be inscribed upon the front of the edifice, invited all his subjects to enter in and partake of his benefaction: He considered it as the duty of a good king to provide against the mental as well as bodily ailments of his people; it appeared to him that books were the best medicines for the mind of man, and consequently that a collection of books, such as his library contained, might well be intitled *a magazine or warehouse of medicines for the mind*; with this idea he directed the following words to be engraved over the door of his library in conspicuous characters—*Ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον*. There is a beautiful simplicity in the thought, which seems to give an insight into the benevolent design of the donor; and as I hold it a more noble office to preserve the mind in health, than to keep the body after death from corruption, I cannot hesitate to give *Osymanduas*
more

more credit for this benefaction of a library, than if he had been founder of the pyramids.

As the distempers of the mind may be figuratively classed under the several characters of those maladies, which are incidental to the body, so the several descriptions of books may very well be sorted into the various *genera* of medicines, which practice has applied to those respective distempers. A library, thus pharmaceutically disposed, would have the appearance of a dispensatory, and might be properly enough so called ; and when I recollect how many of our eminent collectors of books have been of the medical faculty, I cannot but think it probable that those great benefactors to literature, Ratcliffe, Mead, Sloane, Hunter and others have had this very idea of *Osymanduas* in their minds, when they founded their libraries. If therefore it should be thought agreeable to the will of the donors, and a proper mark of respect to their memories, so to arrange their collections, now in the repositories of Oxford and the British Museum, it will be necessary to find out a different set of titles, and instead of sorting them

them as they now are into the compartments of *The Historians*; *The Poets*; *The Divines*, it will be right to set up new inscriptions in their places, and intitle them, *The Alteratives*; *The Stimulatives*; *The Narcotics*. I need not point out to the learned keepers of these libraries how to proceed in an arrangement, to which their own judgments are so fully competent; nothing more will be required of them, but to ascertain the particular species of disease, which the mind of the patient is affected with, and send him forthwith to the proper class of authors for his cure.

For instance; if the complaint arises from cold humours and a want of free perspiration by a stoppage and constipation of the pores of the mind, by which the feelings are rendered inert, and deprived of that proper emanation and expansion, which the health of the soul requires; let such a one be shut into the warm bath of *the Sudorifics*, which I need not explain to be *the Satyrists*, and they will soon open his pores and disperse all obstructions. If the mental disease be of the inflammatory and feverish sort, attended with fits and paroxysms of anger,

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envy,

envy, revenge, and other atrabilious symptoms, which cannot be mistaken, it will be proper to turn the patient into the cell of the *Moralists*, who will naturally be found under the title of *The Coolers and Sedatives*: On the contrary, where the complaint is of the lethargic nature, in which *Irritation* is necessary, the *Controversialists* will furnish him a remedy: In short, we need only say, that when the several authors are properly arranged, every case may find its cure. The comic writers will act as *Carminatives* to dispel the vapours; books of travels as *Cathartics* to procure a motion; memoirs and novels will operate as *Provocatives*, politics as *Corrosives*, and panegyrics as *Emetics*. Two compartments should be kept apart and specially distinguished, viz. the sacred writings under the title of *Restoratives*, and the works of the infidels under the denominations of *deadly Poisons*: The former will be sovereign in all galloping consumptions of dissipation, and the latter will be resorted to by none but suicides and desperadoes.

I should now dismiss the subject, but that I had forgotten to speak of the *Essayists*, who
from

from their miscellaneous properties certainly come under the class of *Compounds*, and cannot therefore be so precisely specified; as they are applicable to chronic diseases rather than acute ones, they may very well stand in the list of *Correctors*, which taken in a regular course and under proper regimen are found very efficacious in all cases, where the constitution is impaired by excess and bad habits of living: They seem most to resemble those medicinal springs, which are impregnated with a variety of properties, and when critically analyzed, are found to contain salt, nitre, steel, sulphur, chalk and other calcareous particles: When the more respectable names of *Bath*, *Spa*, *Pyrmont*, *Seltzer*, and others, are disposed of, I am not without hope these humbler essays, which my candid readers are now in the course of taking, may be found to have the wholesome properties of *Tunbridge Waters*.

It is supposed that this library of the venerable *Osymanduas* descended to the Ptolemies, augmented probably by the intermediate monarchs, and ultimately brought to perfection by the learned and munificent Phila-

Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Lagus, so well known for his Greek translation of the Hebrew Septuagint.

Little attention was paid to literature by the Romans in the early and more martial ages: I read of no collections antecedent to those made by *Æmilius Paulus* and *Lucullus*, the latter of whom, being a man of great magnificence, allowed the learned men of his time to have free access to his library, but neither in his life-time, nor at his death, made it public property. *Cornelius Sylla* before his dictatorship plundered Athens of a great collection of books, which had been accumulating from the time of the tyranny, and these he brought to Rome, but did not build or endow any library for public use. This was at last undertaken by *Julius Cæsar* upon an imperial scale not long before his death, and the learned *M. Varro* was employed to collect and arrange the books for the foundation of an ample library; its completion, which was interrupted by the death of *Julius* and the civil wars subsequent thereto, was left for *Augustus*, who assigned a fund out of the *Dalmatian* booty for this purpose, which he put into the hands of the
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celebrated Asinius Pollio, who therewith founded a temple to Liberty on Mount Aventine, and with the help of Sylla's and Varro's collections in addition to his own purchases, opened the first public library in Rome in an apartment annexed to the temple above mentioned. Two others were afterwards instituted by the same emperor, which he called the *Octavian* and *Palatine Libraries*; the first, so named in honour of his sister, was placed in the temple of Juno; the latter, as its title specifies, was in the imperial palace: These libraries were royally endowed with establishments of Greek and Latin librarians, of which C. Julius Hyginus the grammarian was one.

The emperor Tiberius added another library to the palace, and attached his new building to that front which looked towards the *Via sacra*, in which quarter he himself resided. Vespasian endowed a public library in the temple of peace. Trajan founded the famous *Ulpian Library* in his new forum, from whence it was at last removed to the *Collis Viminalis* to furnish the baths of Dioclesian. The *Capitoline Library* is supposed to have been founded by Domitian, and

and was consumed, together with the noble edifice to which it was attached, by a stroke of lightning in the time of Commodus. The emperor Hadrian enriched his favourite villa with a superb collection of books, and lodged them in a temple dedicated to Hercules. These were in succeeding times so multiplied by the munificence and emulation of the several emperors, that in the reign of Constantine, Rome contained no less than twenty-nine public libraries, of which the principal were the *Palatine* and *Ulpian*.

Though books were then collected at an immense expence, several private citizens of fortune made considerable libraries. Tyrrannio the grammarian even in the time of Sylla was possessed of three thousand volumes ; Epaphroditus, a grammarian also, had in later times collected thirty thousand of the most select and valuable books ; but Sammonicus Serenus bequeathed to the emperor Gordian a library containing no less than sixty-two thousand volumes. It was not always a love of literature that tempted people to these expences, for Seneca complains of the vanity of the age in furnishing

furnishing their banquetting rooms with books, not for use, but for shew, and in a mere spirit of profusion. Their baths, both hot and cold, were always supplied with books to fill up an idle hour amongst the other recreations of the place ; in like manner their country houses and even public offices were provided for the use and amusement of their guests or clients.

The Roman libraries in point of disposition much resembled the present fashion observed in our public ones, for the books were not placed against the walls, but brought into the area of the room in separate cells and compartments, where they were lodged in presses : The intervals between these compartments were richly ornamented with inlaid plates of glass and ivory, and marble basso-relievos. In these compartments, which were furnished with desks and couches for the accommodation of readers, it was usual to place the statues of learned men, one in each ; and this we may observe is one of the few elegancies, which Rome was not indebted to Greece for, the first idea having been started by the accomplished Pollio, who in his library on
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Mount Aventine set up the statue of his illustrious contemporary Varro, even whilst he was living: It was usual also to ornament the press, where any considerable author's works were contained, with his figure in brass or plaister of a small size.

There is one more circumstance attending these public libraries, which ought not to be omitted, as it marks the liberal spirit of their institution: It was usual to appropriate an adjoining building for the use and accommodation of students, where every thing was furnished at the emperor's cost; they were lodged, dieted and attended by servants specially appointed, and supplied with every thing, under the eye of the chief librarian, that could be wanting, whilst they were engaged in their studies and had occasion to consult the books: This establishment was kept up in a very princely stile at Alexandria in particular, where a college was endowed and a special fund appointed for its support, with a president, and proper officers under him, for the entertainment of learned strangers, who resorted thither from various parts to consult those invaluable collections, which that famous library contained in all branches of science.

No. LII.

*Singula lætus**Exquiratque, auditque, virum monumenta priorum.*

(VIRGIL.)

OF all our dealers in second-hand wares, few bring their goods to so bad a market, as those humble wits who retail other people's worn-out jokes. A man's good sayings are so personally his own, and depend so much upon manner and circumstances, that they make a poor figure in other people's mouths, and suffer even more by printing than they do by repeating: It is also a very difficult thing to pen a witticism; for by the time we have adjusted all the descriptive arrangements of *this man said*, and *t'other man replied*, we have miserably blunted the edge of the repartee. These difficulties however have been happily overcome by *Mr. Joseph Miller* and other facetious compilers, whose works are in general circulation, and may be heard of in most clubs and companies where gentlemen meet,
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who love to say a good thing without the trouble of inventing it. We are also in a fair train of knowing every thing that a *late celebrated author* said, as well as wrote, without an exception even of his most secret ejaculations. We may judge how valuable these diaries will be to posterity, when we reflect how much we should now be edified, had any of the antients given us as minute a *collectanea* of their illustrious contemporaries.

We have, it is true, a few of *Cicero's* table-jokes; but how delightful would it be to know what he said, when nobody heard him! how piously he reproached himself when he laid in bed too late in a morning, or eat too heartily at *Hortensius's* or *Cæsar's* table. We are told indeed that *Cato the Censor* loved his jest, but we should have been doubly glad to have partaken of it: What a pity it is that nobody thought it worth their while to record some pleasanter specimen than *Macrobius* has given us of his retort upon *Q. Albidius*, a glutton and a spendthrift. when his house was on fire—*What he could not eat, he has burnt*, said *Cato*; where the point of the jest lies in the allusion

to a particular kind of sacrifice, and the good-humour of it with himself. It was better said by *P. Syrus* the actor, when he saw one *Mucius*, a malevolent fellow, in a very melancholy mood—*Either some ill fortune has befallen Mucius, or some good has happened to one of his acquaintance.*

A man's fame shall be recorded to posterity by the trifling merit of a jest, when the great things he has done would else have been buried in oblivion : Who would now have known that *L. Mallius* was once the best painter in Rome, if it was not for his repartee to *Servilius Geminus* ? *You paint better than you model*, says *Geminus*, pointing to *Mallius's* children, who were crooked and ill-favoured.—*Like enough*, replied the artist; *I paint in the daylight, but I model, as you call it, in the dark.*

Cicero it is well known was a great joker, and some of his good sayings have reached us ; it does not appear as if his wit had been of the malicious sort, and yet *Pompey*, whose temper could not stand a jest, was so galled by him, that he is reported to have said with great bitterness—*Oh ! that Cicero would go over to my enemies, for then he would be afraid*

afraid of me.—If *Cicero* forgave this sarcasm, I should call him not only a better-tempered, but a braver man than *Pompey*.

But of all the antient wits *Augustus* seems to have had most point, and he was as remarkable for taking a jest, as for giving it. A country fellow came to Rome, who was so like the emperor, that all the city ran after him; *Augustus* heard of it, and ordering the man into his presence—*Harkye, friend!* says he, *when was your mother in Rome?*—*Never,* an please you! replied the countryman, *but my father has been here many a time and oft.* The anecdote of the old soldier is still more to his credit: He solicited the emperor to defend him in a suit; *Augustus* sent his own advocate into court; the soldier was dissatisfied, and said to the emperor—*I did not fight for you by proxy at Actium*—*Augustus* felt the reproof, and condescended to his request in person. When *Pacuvius Taurus* greedily solicited a largess from the emperor, and to urge him to the greater liberality added, that all the world would have it, that he had made him a very bountiful donation—*But you*

know better, said *Augustus,* *than to believe the*

world—and dismissed the sycophant without his errand. I shall mention one more case, where, by a very courtly evasion, he parried the solicitation of his captain of the guard, who had been cashiered, and was petitioning the emperor to allow him his pay; telling him that he did not ask that indulgence for the sake of the money which might accrue to him, but that he might have it to say he had resigned his commission, and not been cashiered—*If that be all your reason*, says the emperor, *tell the world that you have received it, and I will not deny that I have paid it.*

Vatinius, who was noted to a proverb as a common slanderer, and particularly obnoxious for his scurrility against *Cicero*, was pelted by the populace in the amphitheatre, whilst he was giving them the Gladiators: He complained to the *Ædiles* of the insult, and got an edict forbidding the people to cast any thing into the area but apples. An arch fellow brought a furious large fir-apple to the famous lawyer *Cascellius*, and demanded his opinion upon the edict.—*I am of opinion*, says *Cascellius*, *that your fir-apple is literally*

and legally an apple, with this proviso however, that you intend to throw it at Vatinius's head.

As there is some danger in making too free with *old jokes*, I shall hold my hand for the present ; but if these should succeed in being acceptable to my readers, I shall not be afraid of meeting *Mr. Joseph Miller* and his modern witticisms with my antients. In that case I shall not despair of being able to lay before the public a veritable Roman newspaper, compounded of events in the days of *Julius Cæsar* : By what happy chance I traced this valuable relick, and with what pains I possessed myself of it, may be matter of future explanation : I have the satisfaction however to premise to the reader, that it is written with great freedom, and as well sprinkled with private anecdotes as any of the present day, whose agreeable familiarity is so charming to everybody but the parties concerned : It has also a good dash of the dramatic ; and as some fastidious people have been inclined to treat our intelligencers and reviewers with a degree of neglect bordering upon contempt, I shall have pleasure in shewing that they

have classical authority for all their quirks and conceits, and that they are all written in the true quaint spirit of criticism: It is to be lamented that the Roman theatre furnishes no ladies to match the heroines of our stage; but I can produce some encomiums upon *Laberius*, *Roscius*, and the famous *Publius Syrus*, which would not be unapplicable to some of our present capital actors: I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that they were not in the habit of speaking epilogues in those days; but I have a substitute in a prologue written and spoken by *Decimus Laberius*, which I am tempted to throw out as a lure to my newspaper; but I must first explain upon what occasion it was composed.

This *Laberius* was a Roman knight of good family, and a man withal of high spirit and pretensions, but unfortunately he had a talent for the drama: He read his own plays better than any man then living could act them, for neither *Garrick* nor *Henderson* were yet born. *P. Clodius*, the fine gentleman and rake of the age, had the indecorum to press *Laberius* to come forward on the public stage, and take the principal character

character in one of his own plays: *Laberius* was indignant, and *Clodius* proceeded to menaces:—*Do your worst*, says the Roman knight, *you can but send me to Dyracchium and back again*—proudly intimating that he would suffer the like banishment with *Cicero* rather than consent to his demand; for acting was not then the amusement of people of fashion, and private theatres were not thought of. *Julius Cæsar* was no less captivated with *Laberius*'s talents than *Clodius* had been, and being a man not apt to be discouraged by common difficulties, took up the same solicitation, and assailed our Roman knight, who was now sixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline: Conscious of this decline no less than of his own dignity, he resisted the degrading request; he interceded, he implored of *Cæsar* to excuse him: It was to no purpose, *Cæsar* had made it his point, and his point he would carry: The word of *Cæsar* was law, and *Laberius*, driven out of all his defences, was obliged to submit and comply. *Cæsar* makes a grand spectacle for all Rome; bills are given out for a play of *Laberius*, and the principal part is announced to be perform-

ed by the author himself: The theatre is thronged with spectators; all Rome is present, and *Decimus Laberius* presents himself on the stage, and addresses the audience in the following prologue:

Prologue by DECIMUS LABERIUS.

- " O strong Necessity! of whose swift course
 " So many feel, so few escape the force,
 " Whither, ah! whither, in thy prone career,
 " Hast thou decreed this dying frame to bear?
 " Me in my better days nor foe, nor friend,
 " Nor threat, nor bribe, nor vanity, cou'd bend;
 " Now lur'd by flattery in my weaker age,
 " I sink my knighthood and ascend the stage.
 " Yet muse not therefore—How shall man gain say
 " Him, whom the Deities themselves obey?
 " Sixty long years I've liv'd without disgrace
 " A Roman knight; let dignity give place!
 " I'm Cæsar's actor now, and compass more
 " In one short hour, than all my life before.
 " O Fortune! fickle source of good and ill,
 " If here to place me 'twas thy sovereign will,
 " Why, when I'd youth and faculties to please
 " So great a master and such guests as these,
 " Why not compel me then, malicious power!
 " To the hard task of this degrading hour?
 " Where now, in what profound abyss of shame,
 " Dost thou conspire with Fate to sink my name?
 " Whence are my hopes? What voice can age supply
 " To charm the ear; what grace to please the eye?
 " Where

- " Where is the action, energy, and art,
 " The look, that guides its passion to the heart?
 " Age creeps like ivy o'er my wither'd trunk,
 " Its bloom all blasted, and its vigour shrunk;
 " A tomb, where nothing but a name remains
 " To tell the world whose ashes it contains."

The original is so superiorly beautiful, that to prevent a bathos I shall insert it after the translation.

NECESSITAS, *cujus cursus transversi impetum*
Voluerunt multi effugere, pauci potuerunt,
Quò me detrusit pæne extremis sensibus?
Quem nullâ ambitio, nulla unquam largitio,
Nullus timor, vis nulla, nulla auctoritas
Movere potuit in juventa de statu;
Ecce in senectâ ut facile labefecit loco
Viri excellentis mente clemente edita
Submissa placidè blandiloquens oratio!
Etenim ipsi Dii negare cui nihil potuerunt,
Hominem me denegare quis posset pati?
Ergo bis tricenis annis actis sine nota
Eques Romanus lare egressus meo
Domum revertas mimus: Nimirum hoc die
Uno plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.
Fortuna, immoderata in bono æque atque in malo,
Si tibi erat libitum literarum laudibus
Floris cacumen nostræ famæ frangere,
Cur cum vigebam membris præviridantibus,
Satisfacere populo et tali cum poteram viro,
Non flexibilem me concurvasi ut carperes?
Nunc me quo deficis? quid ad scenam affero?

*Decorem formæ, an dignitatem corporis,
 Animi virtutem, an vocis jucundæ sonum ?
 Ut hedera serpens vires arboreas necat,
 Ita me vetustas amplexa annorum enecat :
 Sepulchri similis nihil nisi nomen retines.*

The play which this pathetic prologue was attached to was a comedy, in which *Laberius* took the character of a slave, and in the course of the plot (as usual) was beaten by his master: In this condition, having marked his habit with counterfeited stripes, he runs upon the stage, and cries out amain—*Porro, Quirites ! libertatem perdimus*—In good faith, Countrymen, there is an end of freedom. The indignant spectators sent up a shout ; it was in the language of our present playhouse bills, *a burst of applause ; a most violent burst of applause from a most crowded and brilliant house, overflowing in all parts.* *Laberius*, not yet content with this atonement to the manes of his knighthood, subjoins the following pointed allusion: *Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timent*—The man, whom many fear, must needs fear many. All eyes were now turned upon *Cæsar*, and the degraded *Laberius* enjoyed a full revenge.

We may naturally suppose this conduct
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lost him the favour of *Cæsar*, who immediately took up *Publius Syrus*, a Syrian slave, who had been manumitted for his ingenious talents, and was acting in the country theatres with much applause: *Cæsar* fetched him out of his obscurity, as we bring up an actress from Bath or York, and pitted him against *Laberius*. It was the triumph of youth and vigour over age and decay, and *Cæsar* with malicious civility said to *Laberius*, *Favente tibi me victus es, Laberi, a Syro*. — *You are surpassed by Syrus in spite of my support.* As *Laberius* was going out of the theatre he was met by *Syrus*, who was inconsiderate enough to let an expression escape him, which was very disrespectful to his veteran competitor: *Laberius* felt the unbecoming insult, and, turning to *Syrus*, gave him this extemporary answer—

“ To stand the first is not the lot of all ;

“ ’Tis now your turn to mount, and mine to fall :

“ ’Tis slippery ground ; beware you keep your feet ;

“ For public favor is a public cheat.”

Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in tempore ;

Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,

Consistes ægre ; et quam descendas, decides :

Cecidi ego ; Cadet qui sequitur. Laus est publica.

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I need not remind the learned reader in what credit the sayings of this *Publius Syrus* have been justly held by all the *literati* from *Seneca* to *Scaliger*, who turned them into Greek; and it is for the honour of the fraternity of the stage, that both he and *Sophron*, whose moral sentences were found under *Plato's* pillow when he died, were actors by profession.

I shall now only add that my Newspaper contains a very interesting description of two young actors, *Hylas* and *Pylades*, who became great favourites with *Augustus*, when he was emperor, and made their first appearance at the time this journal was written. If the Reader shall find any allusion to two very promising young performers, now living, whose initials correspond with the above, I can promise him that our contemporaries will not suffer by the comparison. I may venture to say in the words of Doctor Young—

The Roman wou'd not blush at the mistake.

No. LIII.

THERE is no period of antient history would afford a more useful study to a young prince, than an accurate delineation of the whole life of Tiberius: This ought to be done with great care and ability, for it is a character extremely difficult to develope, and one that by a continued chain of incidents furnishes a lesson in every link of its connexion highly interesting to all pupils, but most to those who are on the road to empire. To trace the conduct of Tiberius from his first appearance in history to his death, is as if we should begin with the last acts of Augustus, and read his story backwards to its commencement in the civil wars; each narration would then begin with honour and conclude with infamy. If Augustus had never attained to empire, he would have had a most disgraceful page in history; on the other hand, had Tiberius died with Germanicus, he would have merited a very glorious one: It should seem therefore that he was by nature a better
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man than his predecessor. The cautious timid character of Augustus kept him under constant awe of those he governed, and he was diligent to secure to himself the opinions of mankind; but there are rents and fissures enough in the veil, which adulation has thrown over him, through which to spy out the impurities and meannesses of his natural disposition. Tiberius seems on his part also to have had a jealous holding and respect towards Germanicus, which had an influence over the early part of his reign; but it was a self-restraint, founded in emulation, not in fear. It is hinted that Augustus had in mind to restore the commonwealth, and give back her liberties to Rome; and these may very possibly have been his meditations; but they never arose in his mind till he found his life in the last stage of decay, when, having no heir of his own body, he would willingly have had the empire cease with him, and left posterity to draw the conclusion, that no successor could be found fit to take it after him; this I can readily believe he would have done in his last moments if he could, and even before his last moments if he dared; but the shock, which
such

such a revolution might possibly have occasioned, alarmed his fears, and he was too tenacious of power to quit it upon any other motives than those of absolute conviction that he could hold it no longer. This is so much in character, that I think it very probable he might have tried it upon Tiberius in his long death-bed conversation with him at Nola—*Revocatum ex itinere Tiberium diu secreto sermone detinuit, neque post ulli majori negotio animum accommodavit.* (Suetonius.)

This passage is very curious, and some important conjectures may fairly be grounded upon it. Suetonius says that the conference was *long*, and also that it was *private*; and he adds that Augustus, after his conversation with his successor, never turned his thoughts to any important business, or, in other words, any matter of state whatever. The *secrecy* of this conference very much favours my conjecture, that he made an attempt to dissuade Tiberius from holding on the empire, and the *length* of time it took up corroborates the probability of that conjecture; and I further incline to think it likely that it might make serious impressions on Tiberius's mind, as to the measure proposed; for

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I can never believe that the repugnance, with which Tiberius took the charge of the government upon him, was wholly feigned, though historians agree in giving it that turn; his long and voluntary exile in the island of Rhodes, where he seemed for a time to have renounced all desire of succeeding to the empire, might be a reason with Augustus for making this experiment upon a man of his cold and sequestered habits. At all events I think it highly natural to suppose that Augustus would not have clostetted him in this manner, if it were only for the purpose of giving him lessons and instructions in the arts of government; for in that case his vanity, which made him act a part for applause even in his expiring moments, would have opened his doors to his family and attendants, that they might have been present to record his sayings; and we should have had as many fine maxims in his dying speech, as Socrates uttered in his prison, or Seneca in his bath: Add to this, that he certainly bore no good-will to Tiberius, who was not a succeffor to his mind, nor could he wish to elevate the Claudian family to the throne: It is not likely

likely however that he altogether succeeded with Tiberius, or brought him to make any absolute promise of abdication; for in that case he would not have failed to have taken credit with the people about him, for having been the means of restoring the liberties of his country, and he would have made as great a parade of patriotism, as would have become a Cato or a Solon; but the author above quoted says he took no further account of public business; and therefore we may conclude the conference, if it took that turn, did not come to any satisfactory conclusion on the point.

Tiberius on his accession found the empire in a critical situation, for besides the movements which Clemens on one part and Scribonius Libo on another were making, the Pannonian and German armies were in absolute revolt. This was no time for making any change in the constitution of the imperial power, had he been so disposed; as he was a man of deep measures, he held himself on the reserve with the senate, and suffered them to solicit his acceptance of the sovereign power upon their knees: He wished to have assessors in the government; he

he would take his share, and whatever department in the state they should recommend to his charge, he would readily undertake. Had he persisted in refusing the empire, or had he attempted to throw the constitution back to its first principles of freedom, the mutinous legions would have forced the sovereignty upon Germanicus; but by this suggestion of a partition he artfully sounded the temper of the senate, where there were some leading men of very doubtful characters, whom Augustus had marked out in his last illness; from two of these, Marcus Gallus and L. Aruntius, Tiberius's proposal drew an answer, in which they demanded of him to declare what particular department of the state he would chuse to have committed to him. This was opening enough for one of his penetration, and he drew his conclusions upon the spot, evading for the time the snare that was laid for him.

The servile and excessive adulation of the senate soon convinced him, that the Roman spirit had suffered a total change under the reign of Augustus, and that the state might indeed be thrown into convulsions by any attempt

attempt at a change in favour of freedom, but that slavery and submission under a despotic master was their determined choice, and if the alternative was to lie between himself and any other there was little room for hesitation: Who more fit than the adopted heir of Augustus, and a descendant of the Claudian house, which ranked so high in the Patrician nobility, and so superior in pretensions of ancestry and merit to the Julian and Octavian gentry, from whom his predecessors were ignobly descended?

When the German and Pannonian mutinies were appeased, there seems to have been a period of repose, when he might have new modelled the constitution, had he been so disposed; but this I take to be appearance only, for those mutinies had been quelled by Germanicus and Drusus, and both these princes were in the adoption; and the latter of a very turbulent and ambitious spirit.

For the space of two compleat years Tiberius never stirred out of the doors of his palace, devoting his whole time to the affairs of government. In this period he certainly did many excellent things; and though his manners were not calculated for popularity,

popularity, yet his reputation through the empire was universal; he regulated all domestic matters with consummate prudence, and on some occasions with a liberal and courteous spirit: In the distant provinces, where wars and disturbances were more frequent, public measures were more indebted for their success to the good policy of his instructions, than to the courage and activity of his generals, though Germanicus was of the number.

The death of that most amiable and excellent prince, which was imputed to the machinations of Cneius Piso, involved Tiberius in some degree in the same suspicion; but as Tacitus in his account of the event gives admission to an idle story of sorceries and incantations practised by Piso for compassing the death of Germanicus, and states no circumstance that can give any reasonable ground for belief that he actually poisoned him, I am not inclined to give credit to the transaction, even in respect to Piso's being guilty of the murder, much less with regard to Tiberius. Tacitus indeed hints at secret orders supposed by some to have been given by the emperor to Piso; but this, which

which at best is mere matter of report, does not go to the affair of the poisoning, but only to some private intimations, in which the empress was chief mover, for mortifying the pride of Agrippina. It is not to be supposed, when Piso openly returned to Rome, and stood a public trial, that these orders, had any such existed, could have been so totally suppressed, that neither the guilty person should avail himself of them, nor any one member of so great and numerous a family produce them in vindication of him when yet living, or of his memory after death; and this in no period of time, not even when the Claudian family were superseded in the empire, and anecdotes were industriously collected to blacken the character of Tiberius.

The death of Drusus followed that of Germanicus, and the same groundless suspicions were levelled at the emperor; but these are rejected by Tacitus with contempt, and the words he uses, which are very strong, are a proper answer to both imputations—*Neque quisquam scriptor tam infensus exstitit, ut Tiberio objectaret, cum omnia conquirerent, intenderentque.*

It

It would have been most happy for the memory of Tiberius had his life been terminated at this fatal period ; henceforward he seems to have been surrendered to desperation and disgust ; he retired to the Campania, and devolved the government upon his minister Sejanus ; there were times, in which some marks of his former spirit appeared, but they were short and transient emanations ; the basest of mankind had possession of his soul, and whether he was drugged by Sejanus and his agents, or that his brain was affected by a revulsion of that scrophulous humour, which broke out with such violence in his face and body, it seems highly natural to conjecture, that he was never in his sound mind during his secession in the island of Capreæ. A number of circumstances might be adduced in support of this conjecture ; it is sufficient to instance his extraordinary letter to the senate ; can words be found more expressive of a distracted and desperate state of mind than the following ? *Quid scribam vobis, Patres Conscripti, aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me deaque pejus perdant, quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*

I beg

I beg leave now to repeat what I advanced in the outset of this paper, and which alone led me to the subject of it, that a detail comprizing all the great and interesting events within the life of Tiberius, with reasonings and remarks judiciously interspersed, as these occurrences arise in the course of the narration, would compound such a body of useful precepts and instructions, as would apply to every species of example, which a prince should be taught either to imitate or avoid; and these lessons would carry the greater force and recommendation with them, and have an advantage over all fabulous morals, by being incorporated with a real history of the most interesting sort.

No. LIV.

HOWEVER disposed we may be to execrate the bloody act of the regicides, yet we must admit the errors and misconduct of Charles's unhappy reign to be such as cannot be palliated; in our pity for his fate we must not forget the history of his failings, nor,

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nor, whilst we are sympathising in the pathos of the tragedy, overlook it's moral.

Four successive parliaments, improvidently dissolved, were sufficient warnings for the fifth to fall upon expedients for securing to themselves a more permanent duration, by laying some restraints upon a prerogative so wantonly exerted.

Let us call to mind the inauspicious commencement of this monarch's reign; before the ceremony of his coronation had taken place, he espoused a sister of France, and set a catholic princess on the throne of a protestant kingdom, scarce cool from the ferment of religious jealousies, recently emancipated from the yoke of Rome, and of course intolerant through terror, if not by principle: The most obnoxious man in the kingdom was Montagu, author of the proscribed tract, intitled *Apello Cæsarem*, and him Charles enrolled in his list of royal chaplains: By throwing himself incontinently into the hands of Buckingham, he shewed his people they were to expect a reign of favoritism, and the choice of the minister marked the character of the monarch: He levied musters for the Palatinate of twelve thousand men, exacted contributions

tributions for coat and conduct-money, declared martial law in the kingdom, and furnished his brother of France with a squadron of ships for the unpopular reduction of Rochelle, and the mariners refused the service: These measures stirred the parliament then sitting to move for a redress of grievances, before they provided for his debts, and their remonstrances provoked him upon the instant to dissolve them.

Every one of these proceedings took place before his coronation, and form the melancholy prelude to his misguided government,

A second parliament was called together, and to intimidate them from resuming their redress of grievances, and divert their attempts from the person of his favorite, he haughtily informs them, *that he cannot suffer an inquiry even on the meanest of his servants.*

What was to be expected from such a menacing declaration? They, disdaining *illam osculari, quæ sunt oppressi, manum*, proceed to impeach Buckingham; the king commits the managers of that process to the Tower, and resorting to his prerogative, dissolves his second parliament as suddenly, and more angrily, than his first.

A third parliament meets, and in the interim new grievances of a more awakening sort had supplied them with an ample field for complaint and remonstrance; in the intermission of their sittings, he had exacted a loan, which they interpreted a tax without parliament, and of course a flagrant violation of the constitution; this he enforced with so high a hand, that several gentlemen of name in their counties had been committed to close imprisonment for refusing payment; ship-money also at this time began to be questioned as an intolerable grievance, and being one of the resources for enabling the crown to govern without a parliament, it was considered by many as a violation of their rights, an inequitable and oppressive tax, which ought to be resisted, and accordingly it was resisted: This parliament therefore, after a short and inefficient sitting, shared the sudden fate of its predecessors.

The same precipitancy, greater blindness, a more confirmed habit of obstinacy, and a heightened degree of aggravation marked this period of intermission from parliaments, for now the leading members of the late house were sent to close imprisonment in the Tower

and

and informations were lodged against them in the Star-Chamber.

The troubles in Scotland made it necessary for the king once more to have resort to a parliament; they met for the fourth time on the thirteenth of April 1640, and the fifth day of the following month sent them back to their constituents to tell those grievances in the ears of the people, which their sovereign disdained to listen to. Ill-counselled sovereign! but will that word apologize for conduct so intemperate? It cannot: A mind, so flexible towards evil counsel, can possess no requisites for government: What hope now remained for moderate measures, when the people's representatives should again assemble? In this fatal moment the fuel was prepared and the match lighted, to give life to the flames of civil war; already Scotland had set those sparks into a blaze; the king, unable to extinguish the conflagration by his own power and resources, for the fifth and last time convenes his parliament; but it was now too late for any confidence or mutual harmony to subsist between the crown and commons; on the third of November following their last dissolution, the

new-elected members take possession of their seats, and the house soon resounds with resolutions for the impeachment of the minister Strafford and the primate Laud: The humbled monarch confirms the fatal bill of attainder, and sends Strafford to the scaffold; he ratifies the act for securing parliament against future dissolution, and subscribes to his own death-warrant with the same pen.

The proceedings of this famous parliament are of a mixed nature; in many we discern the true spirit of patriotism, and not a few seem dictated by revenge and violence: The Courts of High Commission and Star-Chamber are abolished, and posterity applauds their deliverers; the city-crosses are pulled down, the bishops sent to the Tower, and their whole order menaced with expulsion from parliament, and here we discover the first dawnings of fanatic phrensy: An incurable breach is made in the constitution; it's branches are dissevered, and the axe of rebellion is laid to the root of the tree: The royal standard is set up; the father of his people becomes the general of a party, and the land is floated with the blood of it's late peaceable inhabitants: Great characters

begin

start

start forth in the concussion, great virtues and great vices: Equal courage and superior conduct at length prevail for the leaders of the people; a fanatic champion carries all before him; the sovereign surrenders himself weakly, capitulates feebly, negotiates deceitfully, and dies heroically.

And this is the reign, this the exit of a king! Let kings ponder it, for it is a lesson, humbling perhaps to their pride of station, but pointedly addressed to their instruction.

If there is a trust in life, which calls upon the conscience of the man who undertakes it more strongly than any other, it is that of the education of an heir-apparent to a crown: The training such a pupil is a task indeed; how to open his mind to a proper knowledge of mankind, without letting in that knowledge which inclines to evil; how to hold off flattery and yet admit familiarity; how to give the lights of information, and shut out the false colours of seduction, demands a judgment for distinguishing and an authority for controuling, which few governors in that delicate situation ever possess, or can long retain: To educate a prince, born to reign over an enlightened

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people,

people, upon the narrow scale of secret and sequestered tuition, would be an abuse of common sense; to let him loose upon the world is no less hazardous in the other extreme, and each would probably devote him to an inglorious destiny: That he should know the leading characters in the country he is to govern, be familiar with it's history, it's constitution, manners, laws and liberties, and correctly comprehend the duties and distinctions of his own hereditary office, are points that no one will dispute: That he should travel through his kingdom I can hardly doubt, but whether those excursions should reach into other states, politically connected with, or opposed to, his own, is more than I will presume to lay down as a general rule, being aware that it must depend upon personal circumstances: Splendor he may be indulged in, but excess in that, as in every thing else, must be avoided, for the mischiefs cannot be numbered, which it will entail upon him; excess in expence will subject him to obligations of a degrading sort; excess in courtesy will lay him open to the forward and assuming, raise mountains of expectation about him, and
all

all of them undermined by disappointment, ready charged for explosion, when the hand of presumption shall set fire to the train: Excess in pleasure will lower him in character, destroy health, respect, and that becoming dignity of mind, that conscious rectitude, which is to direct and support him, when he becomes the dispenser of justice to his subjects, the protector and defender of their religion, the model for their imitation, and the sovereign arbiter of life and death in the execution of every legal condemnation: To court popularity is both derogatory and dangerous, nor should he, who is destined to rule over the whole, condescend to put himself in the league of a party: To be a protector of learning and a patron of the arts, is worthy of a prince, but let him beware how he sinks himself into a pedant or a virtuoso: It is a mean talent, which excels in trifles; the fine arts are more likely to flourish under a prince, whose ignorance of them is qualified by general and impartial good-will towards their professors, than by one, who is himself a dabbler; for such will always have their favorites, and favoritism never fails to irritate

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the minds of men of genius concerned in the same studies, and turns the spirit of emulation into the gall of acrimony.

Above all things let it be his inviolable maxim to distinguish strongly and pointedly in his attentions between men of virtuous morals and men of vicious: There is nothing so glorious and at the same time nothing so easy; if his countenance is turned to men of principle and character, if he bestows his smile upon the worthy only, he need be at little pains to frown upon the profligate, all such vermin will crawl out of his path, and shrink away from his presence: Glittering talents will be no passport for dissolute morals, and ambition will then be retained in no other cause, but that of virtue; men will not chuse crooked passages and bye alleys to preferment, when the broad highway of honesty is laid open and strait before them. A prince, though he gives a good example in his own person, what does he profit the world, if he draws it back again by the bad examples of those whom he employs and favors? Better might it be, for a nation, to see a libertine on it's throne surrounded by virtuous counsellors, than to contemplate
a vir-

a virtuous sovereign, delegating his authority to unprincipled and licentious servants.

The king, who declares his resolution of countenancing the virtuous only amongst his subjects, speaks the language of an honest man : if he makes good his declaration, he performs the functions of one, and earns the blessings of a righteous king ; a life of glory in this world, and an immortality of happiness in the world to come.

No. LV.

Non erat his locus.

THERE is a certain delicacy in some men's nature, which though not absolutely to be termed a moral attribute, is nevertheless so grateful to society at large, and so commendatory of those who possess it, that even the best and worthiest characters cannot be truly pleasing without it : I know not how to describe it better than by saying it con-

sifts in a happy discernment of *times and seasons*.

Though this engaging talent cannot positively be called a virtue, yet it seems to be the result of many virtuous and refined endowments of the mind, which produces it; for when we see any man so tenderly considerate of our feelings, as to put aside his own for our accommodation and repose, and to consult opportunities with a respectful attention to our ease and leisure, it is natural to us to think favorably of such a disposition, and although much of his discernment may be the effect of a good judgment and proper knowledge of the world, yet there must be a great proportion of sensibility, candor, diffidence, and natural modesty in the composition of a faculty so conciliating and so graceful. A man may have many good qualities, and yet if he is unacquainted with the world, he will rarely be found to understand those apt and happy moments, of which I am now speaking; for it is a knowledge not to be gained without a nice and accurate observation of mankind, and even when that observation has given it,
men,

men, who are wanting in the natural good qualities above described, may indeed avail themselves of such occasions to serve a purpose of their own, but without a good heart no man will apply his experience to general practice.

But as it is not upon theories that I wish to employ these papers, I shall now devote the remainder of my attention to such rules and observations as occur to me upon the subject of *the times and seasons*.

Men, who in the fashionable phrase *live out of the world*, have a certain awkwardness about them, which is for ever putting them out of their place in society, whenever they are occasionally drawn into it. If it is their studies which have sequestered them from the world, they contract an air of pedantry, which can hardly be endured in any mixed company without exposing the object of it to ridicule ; for the very essence of this contracted habit consists in an utter ignorance of *times and seasons*. Most of that class of men who are occupied in the education of youth, and not a few of the young men themselves, who are educated by them, are of this description : We meet with many of

Jack Lizard's cast in the Spectator, who will learnedly maintain *there is no heat in fire*. There is a disputatious precision in these people, which lets nothing pass in free conversation, that is not mathematically true; they will confute a jest by syllogism, canvass a merry tale by cross-examination and dates, work every common calculation by *X the the unknown quantity*, and in the festive sallies of imagination convict the witty speaker of false grammar, and nonsuit all the merriment of the table.

The man of form and ceremony, who has shaped his manners to the model of what is commonly called *The Old Court*, is another grand defaulter against *times and seasons*: His entrances and exits are to be performed with a stated regularity; he measures his devoirs with an exactitude that bespeaks him a correct interpreter of *The Red Book*; pays his compliments with a minuteness, that leaves no one of your family unnamed, enquires after the health of your child who is dead, and desires to be kindly remembered to your wife, from whom you are divorced; Nature formed him in strait lines, habit has stiffened him into an unrelenting rigidity, and

and no familiarity can bend him out of the upright. The uneducated squire of rustic manners forms a contrast to this character, but he is altogether as great an intruder upon *times and seasons*, and his total want of form operates to the annoyance of society as effectually as the other's excess. There cannot be in human nature a more terrible thing than vulgar familiarity; a low-bred fellow, who affects to put himself at his ease amongst his superiors and be pleasant company to them, is a nuisance to society; there is nothing so ill understood by the world in general as familiarity: if it was not for the terror, which men have of the very troublesome consequences of condescension to their inferiors, there would not be a hundredth part of that pride and holding-back amongst the higher ranks, of which the low are so apt to complain. How few men do we meet with, who when the heart is open and the channel free, know how to keep their course within the buoys and marks, that true good-manners have set up for all men to steer by! Jokes out of season, unpleasant truths touched upon incautiously, *plump questions* (as they are called) put without any
preface

preface or refinement, manual careffes compounded of hugs and flaps and squeezes, more refembling the gambols of a bear than the actions of a gentleman, are fure to follow upon the overflowing ebullitions of a vulgar familiarity broke loofe from all restraints. It is a painful neceffity men of fenfibility are under, when they find themfelves compelled to draw back from the eager advances of an honeft heart, only becaufe the fhock of it's good-humour is too violent to be endured ; it is very wounding to a focial nature to check feftivity in any degree, but there is nothing finks the fpirits fo effectually as boifterous mirth, nobody fo apt to overact his character as a jolly fellow, and ftunned with the vociferation of his own tongue to forget that every other man is filent and fuffering : In fhort it is a very difficult thing to be properly happy and well pleafed with the company we are in, and none but men of good education, great difcernment, and nice feelings know how to be familiar. Thefe rural gentry are great dealers in long ftories of their own uninterefting atchievements, they require of you to attend to the narrative of their paltry
squabbles

squabbles and bickerings with their neighbours; they are extremely eloquent upon the laws against poachers, upon turnpike roads and new enclosures, and all these topics they will thrust in by the neck and shoulders to the exclusion of all others.

Plain-speaking, if we consider it simply as a mark of truth and honesty, is doubtless a very meritorious quality, but experience teaches that it is too frequently under bad management, and obtruded on society out of *time and season* in such a manner as to be highly inconvenient and offensive. People are not always in a fit humour to be told of their faults, and these plain speaking friends sometimes perform their office so clumsily, that we are inclined to suspect they are more interested to bring us to present shame than future reformation: It is a common observation with them, when things turn out amiss, to put us in mind how they dissuaded us from such and such an undertaking, that they foresaw what would happen, and that the event is neither more nor less than they expected and predicted. These retorts, cast in our teeth in the very moment of vexation, are what few tempers, when
galled

galled with disappointment, can patiently put up with ; they may possibly be the pure result of zeal and sincerity, but they are so void of contrivance and there is so little delicacy in the timing of them, that it is a very rare case indeed, when they happen to be well understood and kindly taken. The same want of sensibility towards human infirmities, that will not spare us in the moments of vexation, will make no allowances for the mind's debility in the hours of grief and sorrow : If a friend of this sort surprises us in the weakness of the soul, when death perhaps has robbed us of some beloved object, it is not to contribute a tear, but to read us a lecture, that he comes ; when the heart is agonised, the temper is irritable, and as a moraliser of this sort is almost sure to find his admonitions take the contrary effect from what he intended, he is apt to mistake an occasional impatience in us for a natural one, and leaves us with the impression that we are men, who are ill prepared against the common vicissitudes of life, and endowed with a very small share of fortitude and resignation ; this early misconception of our character, in the course of
time

time leads him to another, for he no sooner finds us recovered to a proper temper of mind, than he calls to mind our former impatience, and comparing it with our present tranquillity concludes upon appearances, that we are men of light and trivial natures, subject indeed to fits and starts of passion, but incapable of retention, and as he has then a fine subject for displaying his powers of plain-speaking, he reminds us of our former inattention to his good advice, and takes credit for having told us over and over again that we ought not to give way to violent sorrow, and that we could not change the course of things by our complaining of them. Thus for want of calculating *times and seasons* he begins to think despisingly of us, and we in spite of all his sincerity grow tired of him and dread his company.

Before I quit this subject I must also have a word with the valetudinarians, and I wish from my heart I could cure them of their *complaints*,—that species I mean which comes under my notice as an *Observer*, without intruding upon the more important province of the physician. Now as this island of our's is most happily supplied with a
large

large and learned body of professors under every medical description and character, whether operative or deliberative, and all these stand ready at the call and devoted to the service of the sick or maimed, whether it be on foot, on horseback, or on wheels, to resort to them in their distresses, it cannot be for want of help that the valetudinarian states his case to all companies so promiscuously. Let the whole family of death be arrayed on one side, and the whole army of physic, regulars and irregulars, be drawn out on the other, and I will venture to say that for every possible disease in the ranks of the besieger, there shall be a champion in the garrison ready to turn out and give him battle: Let all who are upon the sick list in the community be laid out between the camps, and let the respective combatants fight it out over the bodies, but let the forces of life and health have no share in the fray: Why should their peace be disturbed, or their society contaminated by the infectious communication? It is as much out of *time and place* for a man to be giving the diary of his disease in company, who are met for social purposes,

as it is for a doctor to be talking politics or scandal in a sick man's chamber; yet so it is that each party are for ever out of character; the chatterer disgusts his patient by an inattention to his complaints, and the valetudinarian disgusts his company by the enumeration of them, and both are equally out of season.

Every man's observation may furnish him with instances not here enumerated, but if what I have said shall seem to merit more consideration than I have been able to give it in the compass of this paper, my readers may improve upon the hint, and society cannot fail to profit by their reflections.

No. LVI.

——— Ω τρισάλθοι

Αἰτάντες οἱ φυσῶντες ἐφ' ἑαυτοῖς μίχα,

Ἄυτοὶ γὰρ ἐκ ἴσασιν ἀνθρώπων φύσιν,

(MENANDER. *Gubernatoribus.*)

*"Oh wretched mortals! by false pride betray'd,
"Ye know not of what nature man is made."*

THOUGH I think our nation can never be accused of want of charity, yet I have observed with much concern a poor unhappy set of men amongst us, whose case is not commiserated as it ought to be;—and as I would gladly contribute any thing in my power towards their relief, the best proof I can give them of my good will is by endeavouring to convince them of a certain truth, which all the world except themselves has discovered long ago, *viz.—That a proud man is the most contemptible being in nature*—Now if these proud men to whom I address myself, and for whose miserable situation I have such compassion, shall once find a friend to convince them, that they

are

are truly *the most contemptible beings in nature*, it can never be supposed they will persist to entertain a companion in their bosoms, who affords them so little pleasure, and yet involves them in so much disgrace. I must consider them therefore as mistaken rather than obstinate, and treat them accordingly ; for how can I suppose there would be such an absurdity in the world as a proud man, if the poor creature was not behind hand with the rest of mankind in a discovery that concerns himself so materially ? I admit indeed that pride is a very foolish thing, but I contend that wise men are sometimes surprized into very foolish things, and if a little friendly hint can rescue them, it would be an ill-natured action to withhold the information : “ If you are proud, “ you are a fool ” — says an old Greek author called *Sotades* — ‘Αν’ ἀλαζονῆς, τᾶτ’ ἀνοίας ἐστὶ φρόνιμα — but I hope a little plain English, without the help of *Sotades*, will serve to open the eyes of a plain Englishman, and prevent him from strutting about the world merely to make sport for his neighbours ; for I declare in truth, that so far from being annoyed and made splenetic as some folks are,

are, when I fall into company with a proud fellow creature, I feel no other impulse than of pity, with now and then a small propensity to titter, for it would be downright rudeness to laugh in a man's face on such an occasion; and it hurts me to see an honest gentleman, who may have many more natural good qualities than he himself is aware of, run about from house to house only to make sport for the scoffers, and take a world of pains, and put on an air of gravity and importance, for no better purpose than to provoke ridicule and contempt—*Why is earth and ashes proud?* says the Son of Sirach; *Pride was not made for men.*

As I am determined to put these poor men upon their guard in all points, I shall remind them of another error they are in, which sadly aggravates their misfortunes, and which arises from a circumstance of a mere local nature, viz. *That England is the worst country a proud man can exhibit himself in.*—I do really wish they would well consider the land they live in; if they do not know, they ought to be told, that we are a free people; that freedom tends to make us independant of one another, fearless in our
2 persons,

persons, warm in our resentments, bold of tongue, and vindictive against insult ; England is the place upon earth, where a proud stomach finds the least to feed upon ; indeed it is the only stomach, that can here complain of its entertainment : if the proud man thinks it will be sufficient to pay his fine of affability to his neighbours once in seven years upon a parliamentary canvass, he is cruelly mistaken ; the common people in this country have such a share of intuition, understand their own strength so well, and scrutinize into the weaknesses of their superiors so acutely, that they are neither to be deceived nor intimidated ; and on that account, (as the proud man's character is compounded of the imposter and the bully) they are the very worst people he can deal with. A man may strut in Spain, vapour in France, or kick and cuff the vulgar as he likes in Russia ; he may sit erect in his palanquin in India without dropping his eyes upon the the earth he moves over ; but if he carries his head in the air here, and expects the croud to make way for him, he will soon run foul of somebody that will make him repent of his stateliness.

Pride

Pride then, it seems, not only exposes a man to contempt, but puts him in danger; it is also a very expensive frolick, if he keeps it up as it should be kept, for what signifies his being proud, if there is not somebody always present to exercise his pride upon? He must therefore of necessity have a set of humble cousins and toad-eaters about him, and as such cattle cannot be had for nothing in this country, he must pay them according to the value of their services; common trash may be had at a common price, but clever fellows know their own consequence, and will stand out upon terms: If Nebuchadnezzar had not had *all people, nations and languages* at his command, he might have called till he was hoarse before any one would have come to worship his *image in the plain of Dura*; let the proud man take notice withal that Nebuchadnezzar's *image* was made of *gold*, and if he expects to be worshipped by all people after this fashion, and casts himself in the same mould, he must also cast himself in the same metal. Now if I am right in my assertion, that sycophants bear a higher price in England than elsewhere (and, if scarcity makes

makes things dear, I trust they do) let the proud man consider if it be worth his while to pay dear for bad company, when he may have good-fellowship at an easy rate: Here then is another instance of his bad policy, and sure it is a sorrowful thing to be poor and proud.

That I may thoroughly do my duty to an order of men, to whose service I dedicate this short essay, I must not omit to mention, that it behoves a proud man in all places and on all occasions to preserve an air of gloominess and melancholy, and never to suffer so vulgar an expression as mirth or laughter to disarrange the decorum of his features: other men will be apt to make merry with his humour, but he must never be made merry by their's: In this respect he is truly to be pitied, for if once he grows sociable he is undone. On the contrary, he must for ever remain in the very predicament of the proud man described in the fragment of Euripides's Ixion—*Φιλοῖς ἀμικτός καὶ πάση πόλει*—*Urbi atque amicis pariter insociabilis*: He must have no friend, for that would be to admit an equal; he must take no advice, for that would be to

acknowledge a superior: Such society as he can find in his own thoughts, and such wisdom as he was sent into the world with, such he must go on with: as wit is not absolutely annexed to pedigree in this country, and arts and sciences sometimes condescend to throw their beams upon the low-born and the humble, it is not possible for the proud man to descend amongst them for information and society; if truth does not hang within his reach, he will never dive into a well to fetch it up: His errors, like some arguments, move *in a circle*; for his pride begets ignorance, and his ignorance begets pride; and thus in the end he has more reasons for being *melancholy* than *Master Stephen* had, not only because it is *gentleman-like*, but because he can't help it, and don't know how to be merry.

I might enumerate many more properties of this contemptible character, but these are enough, and a proud man is so dull a fellow at best that I shall gladly take my leave of him; I confess also that I am not able to treat the subject in any other than a vague and desultory manner, for I know not how to define it myself, and at
the

the same time am not reconciled to any other definition of pride, which I have met in Mr. Locke's essay or elsewhere. It is called a passion, and yet it has not the essentials of a passion; for I can bring to mind nothing under that description, which has not reference either to God, to our fellow-creatures, or to ourselves.—The sensual passions for instance of whatever sort have their end in selfish gratification; the generous attributes, such as valour, friendship, public spirit, munificence, and contempt of danger have respect to our fellow-creatures; they look for their account in an honorable fame, in the enjoyment of present praise, and in the anticipation of that which posterity shall bestow; whilst the less ostentatious and purer virtues of self-denial, resignation, humility, piety, forbearance, and many others are addressed to God alone, they offer no gratification to self, they seek for no applause from man. But in which of these three general classes shall we discover the passion of pride? I have indeed sometimes seen it under the cloak of religion, but nothing can be more opposite to the practice of it: It is in vain to enquire for it amongst

the generous and social attributes, for it's place is no where to be found in society; and I am equally at a loss to think how that can be called a selfish gratification, which brings nothing home to a man's heart but mortification, contempt, abhorrence, secret discontent and public ridicule. It is composed of contraries, and founded in absurdity; for at the same time that it cannot subsist without the world's respect, it is so constituted as never to obtain it. Anger is proverbially termed a short madness, but pride methinks is a perpetual one; if I had been inclined to use a softer word, I would have called it folly; I do confess I have often seen it in that more venial character, and therefore not to decide upon the point too hastily, I shall leave the proud man to make his choice between folly and madness, and take out his commission from which party he sees fit.

Good heaven! how pleasant, how complacent to itself and others is an humble disposition! To a soul so tempered how delightfully life passes in brotherly love and simplicity of manners! Every eye bestows the cheering look of approbation upon the humble man; every brow frowns contempt upon the proud.

proud. Let me therefore advise every gentleman, when he finds himself inclined to take up the character of pride, to consider well whether he can be quite proud enough for all purposes of life : whether his pride reaches to that pitch as to meet universal contempt with indifference ; whether it will bear him out against mortification, when he finds himself excluded from society, and understands that he is ridiculed by every body in it ; whether it is convenient to him always to walk with a stiff back and a stern countenance ; and lastly, whether he is perfectly sure, that he has that strength and self-support in his own human nature, as may defy the power and set at nought the favor of God, *who resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.*

There is yet another little easy process, which I would recommend to him as a kind of probationary rehearsal before he performs in public : I am persuaded it will not be amiss if he first runs over a few of his airs and graces by himself in his own closet : Let him examine himself from head to foot in his glass, and if he finds himself no handsomer, no stronger, no taller than the rest of his fellow-creatures,

he may venture without risque to conclude that he like them is a man, and nothing more : Having settled this point, and taken place in the human creation, he may next proceed to consider what that place ought to be ; for this purpose he may consult his pedigree and his rent-roll, and if upon a careful perusal of these documents he shall find, (as most likely he will) that he is not decidedly the noblest and the richest man in the world, perhaps he will see no good cause, why he should strut over the face of it, as if it was his own : I would then have him go back to his glass, and set his features in order for the very proudest and most arrogant look he can put on ; let him knit his brow, stretch his nostrils, and bite his lips with all the dignity he can summon ; and after this, when he has reversed the experiment by softening them into a mild complacent look, with as much benignity as he can find in his heart to bestow upon them, let him ask himself honestly and fairly, which character best becomes him, and whether he does not look more like a man with some humanity than without it : I would in the next place have him call his understanding
to

to a short audit, and upon casting up the sum total of his wit, learning, talents, and accomplishments, compute the balance between others and himself, and if it shall turn out that his stock of all these is not the prodigious thing it ought to be, and even greater than all other men's, he will do well to husband it with a little frugal humility : The last thing he must do, (and if he does nothing else I should hope it would be sufficient) is to take down his Bible from the shelf, and look out for the parable of the Pharisee and Publican ; it is a short story and soon read, but the moral is so much to his purpose, that he may depend upon it, if that does not correct his pride, his pride is incorrigible, and all the *Observers* in the world will be but waste paper in his service.

No. LVII.

Μακάριος ὅστις οὐσίαν καὶ νοῦν ἔχει·
 Χρῆται γὰρ οὗτος εἰς ἃ δεῖ ταύτη καλῶς·
 Οὕτω μαθεῖν δεῖ πάντα καὶ πλοῦτον φέρειν.
 Ἀσχημοσύνης γὰρ γίνετ' ἐνίοις αἴτιος.

(MENANDER. *Circulatore.*)

“ Abundance is a blessing to the wise;

“ The use of riches in discretion lies :

“ Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purse

“ In a fool’s pocket is a heavy curse.”

THERE are so many striking advantages in the possession of wealth, that the inheritance of a great estate, devolving upon a man in the vigour of mind and body, appears to the eye of speculation as a lot of singular felicity.

There are some countries, where no subject can properly be said to be independant; but in a constitution so happily tempered as our’s, that blessing seems peculiarly annexed to affluence. The English landed gentleman, who can set his foot upon his own soil, and say to all the world—*This is my freehold ; the law defends my right : Touch it*
who

who dare!—is surely as independant as any man within the rules of society can be, so long as he encumbers himself by no exceedings of expence beyond the compass of his income : If a great estate therefore gives a man independance, it gives him that, which all, who do not possess it, seem to sigh for.

When I consider the numberless indulgencies, which are the concomitants of a great fortune, and the facility it affords to the gratification of every generous passion, I am mortified to find how few, who are possessed of these advantages, avail themselves of their situation to any worthy purposes : That happy temper, which can preserve a medium between dissipation and avarice, is not often to be found, and where I meet one man, who can laudably acquit himself under the test of prosperity, I could instance numbers, who deport themselves with honour under the visitations of adversity. Man must be in a certain degree the artificer of his own happiness ; the tools and materials may be put into his hands by the bounty of Providence, but the workmanship must be his own.

I lately took a journey into a distant county, upon a visit to a gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call *Attalus*. I had never seen him since his accession to a very considerable estate; and as I have met with few acquaintance in life of more pleasant qualities, or a more social temper than *Attalus*, before this great property unexpectedly devolved upon him, I flattered myself that fortune had in this instance bestowed her favours upon one who deserved them; and that I should find in *Attalus's* society the pleasing gratification of seeing all those maxims, which I had hitherto revolved in my mind as matter of speculation only, now brought forth into actual practice; for amongst all my observations upon human affairs, few have given me greater and more frequent disappointment, than the almost general abuse of riches. Those rules of liberal œconomy, which would make wealth a blessing to it's owner and to all he were connected with, seem so obvious to me, who have no other interest in the subject than what meditation affords, that I am apt to wonder how men can make such false estimates of the true enjoyments of life, and

wander

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wander out of the way of happiness, to which the heart and understanding seem to point the road too plainly to admit of a mistake.

With these sanguine expectations I pursued my journey towards the magnificent seat of Attalus, and in my approach it was with pleasure I remarked the beauty of the country about it; I recollected how much he used to be devoted to rural exercises, and I found him situated in the very spot most favorable to his beloved amusements; the soil was clean, the hills easy, and the downs were chequered with thick copses, that seemed the finest nurseries in nature for a sportsman's game: When I entered upon his ornamented demesne, nothing could be more enchanting than the scenery; the ground was finely shaped into hill and vale; the horizon every where bold and romantic, and the hand of art had evidently improved the workmanship of nature with consummate taste; upon the broken declivity stately groves of beech were happily disposed; the lawn was of the finest verdure gently sloping from the house; a rapid river of the purest transparency ran through it,

and fell over a rocky channel into a noble lake within view of the mansion; behind this upon the northern and eastern flanks I could discern the tops of very stately trees, that sheltered a spacious enclosure of pleasure-ground and gardens, with all the delicious accompaniments of hothouses and conservatories.

It was a scene to seize the imagination with rapture; a poet's language would have run spontaneously into metre at the sight of it: "What a subject," said I within myself, "is here present for those ingenious
" bards, who have the happy talent of describing nature in her fairest forms! Oh!
" that I could plant the delightful author
" of *The Task* in this very spot! Perhaps,
" whilst his eye—in a *fine phrensy* rolling—
" glanced over this enchanting prospect, he
" might burst forth into the following, or
" something like the following, rhapsody—"

Blest above men, if he perceives and feels
The blessings he is heir to, He! to whom
His provident forefathers have bequeath'd
In this fair district of their native isle
A free inheritance, compact and clear.

How

How sweet the vivifying dawn to him,
Who with a fond paternal eye can trace
Beloved scenes, where rivers, groves and lawns
Rise at the touch of his Orphéan hand,
And Nature, like a docile child, repays
Her kind disposer's care! Master and friend
Of all that blooms or breathes within the verge
Of this wide-stretcht horizon, he surveys
His upland pastures white with fleecy flocks,
Rich meadows dappled o'er with grazing herds
And vallies waving thick with golden grain.

Where can the world display a fairer scene?
And what has Nature for the sons of men
Better provided than this happy isle?
Mark! how she's girded by her watery zone,
Whilst all the neighb'ring continent is trench'd
And furrow'd with the ghastly seams of war:
Barriers and forts and arm'd battalions stand
On the fierce confines of each rival state,
Jealous to guard, or eager to invade;
Between their hostile camps a field of blood,
Behind them desolation void and drear,
Where at the summons of the surly drum
The rising and the setting sun reflects
Nought but the gleam of arms, now here, now there
Flashing amain, as the bright phalanx moves:
Wasteful and wide the blank in Nature's map,
And far far distant where the scene begins
Of human habitation, thinly group'd
Over the meager earth; for there no youth,
No sturdy peasant, who with limbs and strength
Might fill the gaps of battle, dares approach;
Old age instead, with weak and trembling hand
Feebly

Feebly solicits the indignant soil
For a precarious meal, poor at the best.

Oh, Albion! oh, blest isle, on whose white cliffs
Peace builds her halcyon nest, thou, who embrac'd
By the uxorious ocean fit'st secure,
Smiling and gay and crown'd with every wreath,
That Art can fashion or rich Commerce waft
To deck thee like a bride, compare these scenes
With pity not with scorn, and let thy heart,
Not wanton with prosperity, but warm
With grateful adoration, send up praise
To the great Giver—thence thy blessings come.

The soft luxurious nations will complain
Of thy rude wintry clime, and chide the winds
That ruffle their fine forms; trembling they view
The boisterous barrier that defends thy coast,
Nor dare to pass it till their pilot bird,
The winter-sleeping swallow, points the way;
But envy not their suns, and sigh not thou
For the clear azure of their cloudless skies;
The same strong blast, that beds the knotted oak
Firm in his clay-bound cradle, nerves the arm
Of the stout hind, who fells him to the ground.
These are the manly offspring of our isle;
Their's are the pure delights of rural life,
Freedom their birth-right and their dwelling peace;
The vine, that mantles o'er their cottage roof,
Gives them a shade no tyrant dares to spoil.

Mark! how the sturdy peasant breasts the storm,
The white snow sleeting o'er his brawny chest;
He heeds it not, but carols as he goes
Some jocund measure or love-ditty, soon
In sprightlier key and happier accent sung

To

To the kind wench at home, whose ruddy cheeks
Shall thaw the icy winter on his lips,
And melt his frozen features into joy.
But who, that ever heard the hunter's shout,
When the shrill fox-hound doubles on the scent,
Which of you, sons and fathers of the chase,
Which of your hardy, bold, adventurous band
Will pine and murmur for Italian skies?
Hark! from the covert-side your game is view'd!
Music, which none but British dryads hear,
Shouts, which no foreign echoes can repeat,
Ring thro' the hollow-wood and sweep the vale.
Now, now, ye joyous sportsmen, ye, whose hearts
Are unison'd to the extatic cry
Of the full pack, now give your steeds the rein!
Your's is the day—mine was, and is no more:
Yet ever as I hear you in the wind,
Tho' chill'd and hovering o'er my winter hearth,
Forth, like some Greenwich veteran, if chance
The conqu'ring name of *Rodney* meets his ear,
Forth I must come to share the glad'ning sound,
To shew my scars and boast of former feats.

They say our clime's inconstant, changeful—True!
It gives the lie to all astrology,
Makes the diviner mad and almost mocks
Philosophy itself; Cameleon-like
Our sky puts on all colours, blushing now,
Now louring like a froward pettish child;
This hour a zephyr, and the next a storm,
Angry and pleas'd by fits—Yet take our clime,
Take it for all in all and day by day,
Thro' all the varying seasons of the year,
For the mind's vigour and the body's strength,

Where

Where is it's rival?—Beauty is it's own:
Not the voluptuous region of the Nile,
Not aromatic India's spicy breath,
Nor evening breeze from Tagus, Rhone or Loire
Can tinge the maiden cheek with bloom so fresh.
Here too, if exercise and temperance call,
Health shall obey their summons; every fount,
Each rilling stream conveys it to our lips;
In every zephyr we inhale her breath;
The shepherd tracks her in the morning dew,
As o'er the grassy down or to the heath
Steaming with fragrance he conducts his flock.
But oh! defend me from the baneful east,
Screen me, ye groves! ye interposing hills,
Rise up and cover me! Agues and rheums,
All Holland's marshes strike me in the gale;
Like Egypt's blight his breath is all alive:
His very dew is poison, honey-sweet;
Teeming with putrefaction; in his fog
The locust and the caterpillar swarm,
And vegetable nature falls before them:
Open, all quarters else, and blow upon me;
But bar that gate, O regent of the winds!
It gives the food that melancholy doats on,
The quick'ner that provokes the slanderer's spleen,
Makes green the eye of Jealousy and feeds
The swelling gorge of Envy till it bursts:
'Tis now the poet's unpropitious hour;
The student trims his midnight lamp in vain,
And beauty fades upon the painter's eye;
Hang up thy pallet; *Romney!* and convene
The gay companions of thy social board;
Apelles' self would throw his pencil by,
And swear the skies conspir'd against his art.

But

But what must Europe's softer climes endure,
Thy coast, Calabria ! or the neighbouring isle,
Of antient Ceres once the fruitful seat ?
Where is the bloom of Enna's flowery field,
Mellifluous Hybla, and the golden vale
Of rich Panormus, when the fell *Siroc*,
Hot from the furnace of the Libyan sands,
Breathes all it's plagues upon them ? Hapless isle !
Why must I call to mind thy past renown ?
Is it this desolating blast alone,
That strips thy verdure ? Is it in the gulph,
Of yawning earthquakes that thy glory sinks ?
Or hath the flood that thund'ring *Ætna* pours
From her convuls'd and flaming entrails whelm'd
In one wide ruin every noble spark
Of pristine virtue, genius, wisdom, wit ?
Ah no ! the elements are not in fault ;
Nature is still the same : 'Tis not the blast
From *Afric's* burning sands, it is the breath
Of *Spain's* despotic master lays thee low ;
'Tis not alone the quaking earth that reels
Under thy tottering cities, 'tis the fall
Of freedom, 'tis the pit which slavery digs,
That buries every virtue ; 'tis the flood
Of superstition, the insatiate fires
Of persecuting zealots that devour thee ;
These are the *Titans* who disturb thy peace,
This is thy grave, O *Sicily* ! the hell
Deeper than that, which heathen poets feign'd
Under thy burning mountain, that engulphs
Each grace and every muse, arts, arms and all
That elegance inspires or fame records.

Return,

Return, ye victims of caprice and spleen,
Ye summer friends, daughters more fitly call'd
Than sons of Albion, to your native shores
Return, self-exiles as you are, and face
This only tyrant which our isle endures,
This hoary-headed terror of the year,
Stern winter—What, tho' in his icy chains
Imprison'd for a time e'en father Thames
Checks his imperial current, and beholds
His wealthy navigation in arrest,
Yet soon, like Perseus on his winged steed,
Forth from the horns of the celestial Ram
Spring, his deliverer, comes—down, down at once
The frighted monster dives into the earth,
Or bursts afunder with a hideous crash,
As thro' his stubborn ribs th' all-conqu'ring sun
Drives his refulgent spear: The ransom'd floods,
As at a signal, rise and clap their hands;
The mountains shout for joy; the laughing hours
Dance o'er the eastern hills, and in the lap
Of marriageable earth their odours fling,
Wreaths of each vernal flowret, whilst the choir
Of feather'd songsters make the groves resound
With Nature's hymenæals—all is joy.

Hail, bounteous Spring! primæval season, hail!
Nature's glad herald! who to all the tribes
That link creation's scale, from lordly man
To the small insect, that eludes his sight,
Proclaims that universal law of life,
The first great blessing of the new-born world,
Increase and multiply!—No sooner heard
By sultry climes, than strait the rebel sun
Mounts his bright throne, and o'er the withering earth
Scatters

Scatters his bold Titanian fires around,
And cancels Heaven's high edict ; Nature feels
Quick growth and quick decay ; the verdant scene
Glitters awhile and vanishes at once.
Not such the tints that Albion's landscape wears,
Her mantle dipt in never-fading green,
Keeps fresh its vernal honours thro' the year ;
Soft dew-drops nurse her rose's maiden bloom,
And genial showers refresh her vivid lawn.
Thro' other lands indignant of delay
Spring travels homeward with a stranger's haste ;
Here he reposes, dwells upon the scene
Enamour'd, native here prolongs his stay,
And when his fiery successor at length
Warns him from hence, with ling'ring step and slow,
And many a stream of falling tears he parts,
Like one, whom furly creditors arrest
In a fond consort's arms and force him thence.

But now, my Muse, to humbler themes descend !
'Tis not for me to paint the various gifts
Which freedom, science, art, or fav'ring Heav'n
Shower on my native isle ; quench'd are the fires,
Which young ambition kindled in my breast ;
Morning and noon of life's short day are past,
And what remains for me ere night comes on,
But one still hour perchance of glimmering eve
For sober contemplation ? Come, my Muse,
Come then ! and as from some high mountain's top
The careful shepherd counts his straggling flock,
So will we take one patient last survey
Of this unquiet, babbling, anxious world ;
We'll scan it with a calm but curious eye ;
Silence and solitude are all our own ;

Their's

Their's is the tumult, their's the throng; my soul
Is fitted to the task—for, oh fair truth!
Yet I am thine, on thy perennial base
I will inscribe my monumental verse;
And tho' my heart with kindred ardor beats
To every brave compatriot, yet no ties,
Tho' dignified with friendship's specious name,
Shall shackle my free mind, nor any space
Less than the world's wide compass bound my love.

No more; for now the hospitable gates
Of wealthy *Attalus* invite their guest;
I paus'd and look'd, and yielding to the wish
That fortune had bequeath'd me such a lot,
A momentary sigh surpriz'd my heart:
Flocks, herds, and fields of golden grain, of these
I envied not the owner; but I saw
The curling smoke from cottages ascend,
And heard the merry din of childish sports;
I saw the peasant stooping to his plough
And whistling time away; I met a form,
Fair as a fabled nymph; Nature had spread
Her toilette, health her handmaid dealt the bloom,
Simplicity attir'd her; by the copse
Skirting the horn-beam row, where violets bud
And the first primrose opens to the spring,
With her fond lover arm in arm she walk'd,
Not with the stealthy step and harlot leer
Of guilty assignation, nor unnerv'd
By midnight feast or revel, but in prime
Of youth and health and beauty's genuine glow:
I mark'd the conscious look of honest truth,
That greets the passenger with eye direct,
Nor fears nor meditates surprize; my heart

Yearn'd

Yearn'd at the sight, and as they pass'd I cried—
 “Why was it not my fortune to have said
 “Go, and be happy?”—On a rising slope
 Full to the south the stately mansion stands,
 Where dwells the master of this rich domain;
 Plain and of chaste proportion the device,
 Not libell'd and bedawb'd with tawdry frize
 Or lac'd pilaster, patcht with refuse scraps,
 Like that fraternal pile on Thames's bank,
 Which draws it's title not it's taste from Greece.

Happy! if there in rural peace he dwells,
 Untortur'd by ambition, and enjoys
 An eye for nature and a heart for man.

No. LVIII.

Οὐκ ἴσασμαι πλετεῖν ἔτ' εὐχομαι, ἀλλὰ μοι εἴη
 Ζῆν ἀπὸ τῶν ὀλίγων μηδὲν ἔχοντι κακόν.

(Theognis.)

“*I ask not wealth; let me enjoy*

“*An humble lot without annoy!*”

UPON my arrival at the house I was
 shewn into a small room in the base-
 story, which the owner of this fine place
 usually occupied, and in which he now re-
 ceived me: here I had been but a very few
 minutes

minutes before he proposed to shew me the house, and for that purpose conducted me up stairs to the grand apartment, and from thence made the entire tour, without excepting any one of the bed-chambers, offices or even closets in the house: I cannot say my friend Attalus consulted *times and seasons* in chusing so early a moment after my arrival for parading me about in this manner; some of the apartments were certainly very splendid; a great deal of rich furniture and many fine pictures solicited my notice, but the fatigue of so ill-timed a perambulation disabled me from expressing that degree of admiration, which seemed to be expected on this occasion, and which on any other I should have been forward to bestow: I was sorry for this, because I believe he enjoyed little other pleasure in the possession of his house, besides this of shewing it; but it happened to my host, as it does too frequently to the owners of fine places, that he missed the tribute of flattery by too great eagerness in exacting it.

It appeared to me that Attalus was no longer the gay lively man he was formerly; there was a gloom upon his countenance and

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an inquietude in his manner, which seemed to lay him under a constraint that he could not naturally get rid of: Time hung heavy on our hands till the hour of dinner, and it was not without regret I perceived he had arranged his family meals upon the fashionable system of London hours, and at the distance of two hundred miles from the capital had by choice adopted those very habits, which nothing but the general custom of late assemblies and long sittings in Parliament can excuse upon the plea of necessity: It was now the midst of summer, which made the absurdity of such a disposition of our time more glaring, for whilst the best hours of the afternoon were devoted to the table, all exercise and enjoyment out of doors were either to be given up, or taken only in the meridian heat of the day. I discovered a further bad consequence of these habits upon society and good-fellowship, for such of the neighbouring gentry, who had not copied his example, were deterred from making him any visits, not presuming to disturb him at unsuitable hours, and yet not able, without a total disarrangement of their own comforts, to make their time conform

form to his. Attalus himself, I must acknowledge, both saw and confessed the bad system he was upon, he found himself grown unpopular amongst his country neighbours on this very score, and was piqued by their neglect of him: "It was a villainous custom," he observed, "and destructive both of health and pleasure; but all people of fashion dined at five, and what could he do? He must live as other great families lived; if indeed he was a mere private gentleman, he might do as he liked best." If it be so, thought I, this man's great fortune is an incumbrance to him: if it robs him of health and pleasure, what does it give him, nay what can it give him, in compensation for the loss of such blessings? If fashion takes away from Attalus the liberty of doing what he best likes, and is best for him, I must have been mistaken in supposing independance was the result of affluence; I suspect there are not all the advantages in his condition which I supposed there were—I will examine this more narrowly.

The next morning, after a late breakfast, the consequence I had foreseen ensued, for we were advanced into the hottest hours

hours of the day, when Attalus, being impatient to shew me the beauties of his park and grounds, gave orders for the equipages and horses to be made ready, and we were to set out upon the survey in a burning sun. When the train was in waiting at the door, we sallied forth, but here a discussion began, in which so many things required a new arrangement, that a long stop was put to our march, whilst the scrutinizing eye of Attalus was employed in a minute examination of every thing appertaining to the cavalry and carriages; the horses were wrong harnessed, they were to be changed from the off-side to the near-side, saddles were to be altered, and both groom and coachman were heartily recommended to repeated damnation for their stupidity and inattention—"Never any man was so plagued with rascally servants as I am," cried Attalus; "they are the curse and vexation of my life; I wish I could live without them; no man can be happy, who has to do with them."—Is it so? (said I within myself) then I have the advantage over you in that respect, for I have but one man and one horse, and

both are always ready at a moment's warning.

I mounted a phaeton with Attalus and we set forward in a broiling day: My conductor immediately began to vent his angry humour upon the wrong object, and plied his thong at such a furious rate upon his unoffending horses, that the high-mettled animals so resented the unjust correction, that after struggling and kicking under the lash for some time, one of them reared across the pole of the chaise and snapped it: This produced a storm of passion more violent than the first, and though it was evident the servant had put the horses on their proper sides at first, the fault was charged upon him with vehement imprecations, and this produced a second halt longer and more disagreeable than our setting out had been: Our purpose however was not to be defeated and we must positively proceed; Attalus was not in a humour to submit with patience to disappointments, so that having ordered two of his servants to dismount, we took their horses and set off upon our tour; the beauties of nature were

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before us, but that serenity of mind, which should ever accompany the contemplation of those beauties, was wanting ; Attalus was one of fortune's spoilt children, and his temper, grown irritable by indulgence and humourfome by prosperity, had lost it's relish for simplicity, and was wholly given up to a silly passion for ostentation and parade ; he immediately began to harangue upon the many evil qualities of servants, a topic at the best unedifying and commonly most disgusting to the hearers ; he bewailed his own ill-fortune in that respect very bitterly, and so much of the way passed off before this philippic was concluded, that I began to think I had been carried out for no better purpose than to hear a declamation in the open air : I brought him at last to a stop, by observing, he had a paradise about him, and that it was a pity his vexations did not suffer him to enjoy it—Upon this hint he seemed to recollect himself, and proceeded to expatiate upon his own improvements, pointing out to me what he had done, and what he had more in mind to do, if his overseer had obeyed his instructions,

and proper people had been found to execute his designs.

I took notice of a group of neat cottages, which had a very picturesque and pleasing appearance, for they were deliciously situated, and had all the air, as I observed, of happy habitations—"No matter for that," replied Attalus, "down they must all come, " for they are cruelly in my eye, and I purpose to throw all that hill into wilderness " with plantations of pine, where you see " the rock and broken ground, which will " be a bold and striking contrast to the ornamented grounds about it—I am surprised," added he, " you can see any beauty in those paltry huts."—Before I could make reply, an old peasant had approached us, and humbly enquired of Attalus, when he was to be dislodged from his cottage—"I have ordered the workmen to " take it down next week," said he, " the " season is favorable for your removal and " you must seek out elsewhere." The decree was heard without an effort to reply; a sigh was all the plea the poor man offered, and with that sigh he sent a look to heaven, that
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in its passage rent my heart: I determined to be gone next morning.

We proceeded in our circuit till we were crossed by a high enclosure, which awkwardly enough separated a pasture of about three acres, in which was a brick-kiln too conspicuously placed not to annoy the sight, and at that very moment too furiously employed in the act of duty, not to be excessively offensive to the smell; we found ourselves involved in columns of thick smoke, which were not of the most grateful odour in the world; I confess I was not a little surprised at the location of this flaming nuisance, and as we were making our way through the smothering cloud, remarked to Attalus that ornament must give place to use — “I brought you hither,” says he, “purposely to shew you how I am treated by a surly obstinate fellow in my neighbourhood, who has not another foot of land in the world, but this cursed patch of ground, and which the rascal keeps on purpose to spite me, though I have bidden three times the value of it: indeed it is indispensably necessary to me, as you may well believe by the annoyance it produces in his hands; I have tried all means to
“ get

“ get it from him, rough and smooth, and
“ if a prosecution would have laid against
“ it, I would have driven him out of it by
“ the expences of a suit ; but all to no pur-
“ pose ; I am so tormented by the fellow’s ob-
“ stinacy, and my comforts are so sacrificed
“ by the nuisance, that I have no longer any
“ enjoyment in my place ; nay I have stop-
“ ped most of my works and discharged my
“ labourers, for what signifies carrying on
“ improvements, when I can no longer live
“ in my house with that cursed brick-kiln
“ for ever in my eye, and with little inter-
“ mission in my nostrils also ?”

A new theme of discontent was now started, which the unhappy Attalus pursued with heavy complaints as we travelled down a stream of smoke, which seemed as if maliciously to pursue us, determined not to quit it’s execrator, till he left off his execrations ; at last they both ceased in the same moment and parted by consent. As soon as Attalus desisted from his invectives I took up my reflections, and if a wish could have purchased his possessions, encumbered with the vexations of their owner, I would not have taken them at the price. Down sunk the vision of prosperity ;

rity; swifter than the shifting of a play-house scene vanished all the enchanting prospect; a naked lodge in a warren with content had been more enviable in my eye than his palace haunted with disgust; I saw Attalus, the veriest darling of fortune, sickening and surfeited with prosperity; peevish with his servants, unsociable to his neighbours, a slave to fashions, which he obeyed and disapproved, unfeeling to the poor, tired with the splendor of a magnificent house, and possessing an extensive territory, yet sighing after a small nook of land, the want of which poisoned all his comforts.—And what then are riches? said I within myself. The disturbers of human happiness; the corrupters of human nature. I remember this Attalus in his youth; I knew him intimately at school and college; he was of a joyous, social temper; placid, accommodating, full of resource; always in good humour with himself and the world, and he had a heart as liberal and compassionate as it was sincere and open; this great estate was then out of sight; it must be this estate then, which has wrought the unhappy change in his manners and disposition; and if riches operate thus upon a nature like his,
where

where is the wonder if we meet so many wretches, who derive their wants from their abundance?

How beautiful is the maxim of *Menander*!—*Ψυχὴν ἔχειν δεῖ πλουσίαν*—*enrich your mind!* Riches, says the same elegant and moral dramatist, *are no better than an actor's wardrobe*, the paltry tinsel, that enables him to glitter for a few minutes in a counterfeit-
ed character—

To fret and strut his hour upon the stage,

And then be heard no more.

In another place he says, *they transform a man into a different kind of being from what he was originally*—

Εἰς ἕτερον ἦθος, ἔκ ἐν ᾧ τὸ πρόσθεν ἦν.

and then concludes with that Attic simplicity, so neatly turned and elegantly expressed as to distance all translation.

*Κρεῖττον γάρ ἐστω, ἂν σκεπῇ τὶς κατὰ λόγον,
Μὴ πολλ' ἀνδῶς, ὀλίγα δ' ἡδεώς ἔχειν.*

“Better to choose, if you would choose the best,

“A chearful poverty, than wealth unblest.”

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



